

State Library July 1913

BEDFORD GAZETTE

Among the country
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the Bedford Gazette is
a model—New York
World.

The Gazette has the
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bona fide subscription
list in the county.

VOLUME 107, NO. 2

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1912

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

THE COUNTY FAIR

This Week's Exhibition the Best Ever
Presented by the Association

THE AEROPLANE FLIGHT

Large Display of Exhibits—The
Races and Free Amusements Attract Large Crowds.

The 39th annual exhibition of the Bedford County Agricultural Association now in progress is just as was advertised—the best ever held. The weather ideal, the crowds large, the exhibits fine, the races were never better and the free amusements are much better than any ever presented by the Association. In addition to those advertised, the Association on Monday night of this week entered into a contract with Mr. Frederick Ells to give a flight in his aeroplane each day of the fair and on Wednesday afternoon those attending the Fair witnessed the first exhibition of this kind ever given in Bedford County. This alone was worth coming many miles to see. The flight was a success in every particular, the machine starting in a field near the Fair Ground and rising to a height of several hundred feet, came directly over the grounds and made two long circles and landed at the starting point. It is a thrilling sight.

A successful flight was also made yesterday in the presence of thousands of people who were in attendance at the Fair. Mr. Ells will give another exhibition this afternoon. In addition to the other free amusements a large ostrich will give an exhibition this afternoon on the race track something that has never appeared before at the County Fair.

The other free amusements—Minnie Fisher, in her daring slide for life—presents an act that alone is worth the price of admission. The trick donkeys furnish amusement for all, and the baseball games have been warmly contested.

While the exhibition of live stock is not as large as some of the former years, yet it is very creditable. The display of fruit, vegetables, fancy work, art, etc., is considered the best ever shown. The agricultural display from State College is worth any farmer's time to visit. The exhibition of farm machinery, carriages, wagons, buggies, engines, musical instruments, etc., by local dealers, goes far beyond any ever shown before in the history of the Fair.

The display of chickens, ducks, turkeys and pigeons indicates that the people of the county are awakening to the importance of the poultry industry. It is in charge of the Bedford County Poultry Association.

Both Wednesday's and yesterday's races were warmly contested, nine horses being entered in the 2:25 pace and 2:22 trot on Wednesday.

Several good bands have been furnishing music, each day of the Fair Ground and in town in the evenings.

All in all, this year's Fair has been a record-breaker—the best ever held.

Don't fail to attend today—the best day of the Fair.

Coaldale 6, Bedford 5

Coaldale defeated Bedford on Wednesday by the score of 6 to 5. The official score follows:

COALDALE	AB.	R. H.	O. A.	E.
McIntyre, cf	5	1	2	0
B. Launder, 3b	3	1	1	2
Eisenhart, ss	4	0	1	1
Zick, rf	5	2	1	1
E. Burns, p	3	1	0	3
M. Burns, If	4	0	1	3
Kay, 1b	3	0	0	7
Rohm, c	3	1	0	9
Black, 2b	4	0	0	1
Totals	34	6	7	24
BEDFORD	AB.	R. H.	O. A.	E.
Achey, 2b	5	0	1	2
Hoover, ss	1	0	2	2
H. Leisure, lf	4	2	1	0
Stambaugh, 3b	4	1	2	4
D. Leisure, cf	4	0	1	1
Whetstone, c	4	1	2	6
Horne, 1b	4	0	1	7
Pleacher, rf	4	0	1	2
Baylor, p	4	0	0	1
Totals	34	5	10	24
Coaldale	0	0	3	9
BEDFORD	0	2	0	0
Earned runs—Bedford, 4; Coaldale, 3. Two-base hits—Horne, Stambaugh, Whetstone, Zick. First on balls—Of Burns, 2; on Baylor, 3. Struck out—By Burns, 8; by Baylor, 6. Left on bases—Coaldale, 3; Bedford, 9. Hit by pitcher—P. Burns, Lauder, Rohm. Time of game—1 hr. 40 min. Umpires—Dull and Whitmore.				

Bedford 4 East Freedom 2

The ball game yesterday was won by the Bedford boys by the score of 4 to 2. Henry Leisure, Bedford's star pitcher, did the twirling. The teams play again today.

Badly Burned

Mrs. Sadie Simpson of Hopewell is a patient in the Blair Memorial Hospital, Huntingdon, the result of a lamp explosion. As she was descending a flight of stairs at her home Saturday she tripped and fell. She was carrying a lighted lamp and when the fall smashed the glass she lit the fire spread to the oil. She was burned about neck and arms.

Dull-Hinson

J. F. Dull and Miss Daisy P. Hinson of Schellsburg, were united in marriage at Trinity Lutheran parsonage, Bedford, by Rev. H. E. Wied on Saturday, September 21.

MENTIONED IN BRIEF

Many Items of Interest From Town and County.

Attorney Frank Fletcher, who has been confined to his room for some time, we are very glad to report, is very much improved.

The Church of God Sunday School at Saxon averaged an attendance of 182 for the six months ending October 1, 1912.

Mr. Charles G. McMillin, Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office, is on his annual vacation, fishing, hunting and automobileing.

The Eldership of the Churches of God of East Pennsylvania are meeting this week in Shippensburg. Rev. McGuire and wife and James Blackburn, of Saxon, are in attendance.

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lewis, of Kittanning, Sunday, September 22. She has been named Judith Marguerite. Mrs. Lewis was formerly Miss Nellie Hartley Bowers of this place.

Warren Worth Bailey, editor of the Johnstown Democrat and Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, spent a couple days in this county this week, mostly at the Fair. He was a pleasant caller at our office yesterday morning and expressed himself as well pleased with the reception he received in this section.

The thirty-first annual convention of the Lutheran Sunday School Association of Bedford County will be held this year in St. James' Lutheran Church, Pleasant Valley, in the Friend's Cove Charge, beginning on Tuesday evening, October 22, 1912. By inadvertance a different date was printed on the program. The correct date is as above stated.

Hon. John T. Matt spent the greater part of this week in town and at the Fair and met with encouragement at every turn. Mr. Matt's record for keeping his pledges while at Harrisburg during the last session of the Legislature and his demonstration while there of his having courage to stand manfully by his convictions is proving a valuable asset to him in this canvass.

Deeds Recorded

P. O. S. of A. Hall Association of Saxon to A. C. Harvey et al, interest in lot in Saxon, \$450.

Peter S. Duncan to Dr. C. H. Books, 712 acres, 117 perches in Woodbury and Hopewell Townships, \$72,773.

Dr. C. H. Books to Dr. J. C. Nugent, 712 acres, 117 perches in Woodbury and Hopewell Townships, \$962,73.

J. Howard Taylor to James Earl Wonder, lot in New Paris, \$650.

James Earl Wonder to Wilmer I. Taylor, lot in New Paris, \$700.

Charles R. Croyle to Luther Johnson, 53 acres, 74 perches in Bloomfield, \$2,600.

Henry Shoenthal, by heirs, to F. W. Sheller et al, 357 acres, 80 perches in Napier, \$1,100.

Marriage Licenses

Hayes H. Scriffield of Mann's Choice and Mary A. Wolf of New Paris.

Frederick S. Reininger of Cessna and Ada M. Blattenberger of Fishertown.

Samuel E. Rock and Hattie Acker of Salemille.

William Leonard and Anna Zimmerman of Bedford Township.

Alva S. Miller of Jacobs, Huntingdon County, and Myrtle Mellott of Everett.

1,000,000 Men Ready for War

London, October 2.—The whole of the Balkan peninsula is being rapidly transformed into an armed camp. According to dispatches from the capitals of the various states, upward of a million men have been ordered to gather to decide once for all, in a trial of combat, the question of changing the conditions of the inhabitants of the European provinces of Turkey.

The effect of a demonstration of the military forces of the Balkan States is first to be tried. For this purpose Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Montenegro have ordered the mobilization of the entire available armies and if this open threat does not secure what they demand from the Ottoman government the next few hours may see further steps taken.

Bedford Methodist Episcopal Church

W. V. Ganoe, Minister

Sunday, October 6—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. R. H. Gilbert, D. D., of the Central Pennsylvania Conference. Sunday School 9:45 a. m.; Junior League 2 p. m.; Senior League 6:30 p. m.; Class Monday 7:45 p. m.; Children's Class Wednesday 6:30 p. m.; Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Communication From Correspondent at National Capital

THE TARIFF IN ITALY

Three Republican Opinions—The Cost of the Philippines—Tariff Tax Extortion.

Washington, September 30.—Why do protectionists never point to Italy as an illustration of how excessive tariff rates "protect" the common people?

Italy is one of the most highly protected countries of Europe. It is famous as a country flowing with milk and honey."

Yet they never talk about Italy, do the upward revisionists. While Italy three years ago, the writer learned at first hand some of the reasons why our protectionists never say, "Look at Italy."

Italy puts heavy duties on both agricultural and manufactured imports. She pays her people exceedingly low wages. She charges them very high prices for the necessities of life. They emigrate in large numbers.

To understand the situation clearly we must go back to 1887. About that time a violent revolution in the system of Italian customs was brought about. A powerful political group of textile manufacturers joined forces for their own ends with a powerful political group of large landowners.

Deceased was a daughter of Alexander and Eliza (Davis) Richardson and was born at Fairview, Fulton County, on November 15, 1879. She was married to John Ready Fisher on August 16, 1890; in 1890 they moved to Bedford and conducted a hotel on Richard Street until shortly before Mr. Fisher's death in April, 1911.

Two children were born to them, Georgia dying in childhood, and Harry K. in November, 1908. She is survived by one sister who resides in Iowa, and a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Myrtle A. Fisher of Cumberland.

Hand in hand with the powerful manufacturers the big landowners came out "for a slice of the tariff pie." In order that they should be sufficiently compensated for being in politics, the landowners had a heavy tax placed on wheat. In Italy it is only the big landowners who grow wheat. Three out of every four landowners in Italy are possessors of small properties, cultivating fruit for wine. They have to buy a considerable part of the wheat they eat. So it happened that where one large wheat farmer got bigger profits, three small fruit farmers got hit. That is the way protection invariably works out. What is one man's protection is another man's poison.

Hark, however, this further result of the Italian tax on wheat: Millions of Italians never eat wheat bread; except in cases of illness or on special festivals. They make a bread maize. In this and other respects the standard of living of the Italian people is very low, because prices are too high.

An enormous fiscal and protective tax was also put upon sugar. The prices rose so high that Italian farmers watched their oranges, lemons, peaches, and other products of a warm and generous sun rot on their trees in order that the 33 manufacturers of the sugar syndicate might levy upon consumers a yearly tribute.

Far and away the chief of the Italian industries are silk reeling and silk throwing. These industries have been seriously hampered by protection. And Italy is the home of the silkworm.

One of the chief troubles of Italy is that the general rise in prices has so greatly lessened the purchasing power of the wages of the people that the great mass of the small dealers and the workingmen and women, suffer bitterly.

It is calculated that while ten Italians lose by protection, only one stands any chance of gaining. He does not always gain, for the country does not progress. The interests of Italy are sacrificed to the one in ten.

In other words, excessive tariffs increased the cost of living to the Italian people just as the Payne-Aldrich law is increasing the cost of living in the United States.

Is it any wonder that the protectionists never ask us to "look at Italy?"

Both Are Right

Theodore Roosevelt, candidate for a third term as President, said recently: "Taft now represents the bosses, and the Republican party is composed of them and the vested interests of the country."

And President Taft said: "Roosevelt is not a Republican; but represents a one-man party whose chief advisers are the harvester and steel trust magnates."

Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin, also a Republican, says both Taft and Roosevelt are telling the truth about each other. And LaFollette has had enough experience with both Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt to know what he is talking about.

The answer is: WIN WITH WILLSON!

Divorce the Philippines

One tremendous expense now being borne by American taxpayers that will be lifted in the event of the election of a Democratic President and Democratic House is the cost of governing the Philippine Islands, which is being done against the desire of 95% of the Filipino people. Ten years ago Senator Hoar stated in the Senate that up to that time the cost had been \$600,000,000.

Since then we have kept in those islands an average of 12,277 troops. It costs the government \$1,500 annually to maintain each soldier. The cost alone of maintaining the military forces in the Philippines last year was over \$26,000,000. It is safe to affirm that

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

WILLIAM SULZER NAMED

New York Democrats Choose Him as Standard-Bearer.

Convention Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.—Congressman William Sulzer was nominated for Governor of New York on the fourth ballot at 1 o'clock this morning by the Democratic party after a four-hour session, which was filled with exciting events.

Although Sulzer was really nominated by acclamation the fourth ballot was completed in compliance with the statutes.

When the result was in doubt it was shown that Sulzer had 447 and Glynn 13 votes. Sulzer was a consistent winner after the first ballot and it was evident when the third ballot was concluded that nothing could stop the sentiment for the Washington County man. Martin H. Glynn was the unanimous choice of the delegates for Lieutenant Governor.

Mrs. Annie E. Fisher

Mrs. Annie E., widow of John R. Fisher, died about 1 o'clock Wednesday morning at her home on South Richard Street, this place, in her 73d year. She contracted a heavy cold while at Slippery Springs last week, and though not having been in good health for some time her condition was not considered alarming until Tuesday afternoon. The cause of death was acute asthma.

Deceased was a daughter of Alexander and Eliza (Davis) Richardson and was born at Fairview, Fulton County, on November 15, 1879. She was married to John Ready Fisher on August 16, 1890; in 1890 they moved to Bedford and conducted a hotel on Richard Street until shortly before Mr. Fisher's death in April, 1911.

To

\$3.50 RECIPE FREE, FOR WEAK MEN

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many weak and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3584 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

By Wireless

A Story Illustrating a Theory

By EDWARD KENTON

A great deal has been spoken or written about the power of the imagination. Certain stories are said to be great imaginary works or wonders of originality. Then we hear it stated that truth is stranger than fiction. Certainly it is, for the imagination is simply the weaving together of certain truths. In other words, imagination is not a thing of itself, but a blending of things.

This is as clear as a stack of black cats seen through an impenetrable fog, isn't it? Well, listen to the story I have to tell and possibly you shall see the cats through the fog. A little light may at the outset be cast on my proposition by the statement that a quarter of a century ago there could have been no such story. No brain could have imagined it. And yet in the beginning of this twentieth century, after man had existed on the earth many thousands of years, I have passed through experiences which if they could have been conceived of in the nineteenth century would have been considered highly imaginative.

But to my story. I was wireless operator on the Tartar, an ocean liner. We had left a strike of seamen in port and were provided with not more than half a crew. The consequence was that before we were long out they had been worked to a condition that many of them, yielding to a natural requirement, were sinking to sleep at their posts.

The night was fine, the stars blinked overhead, but a thin mist had settled on the surface of the water. I was in my wireless office waiting for another half hour to pass before shutting it up and turning in. Suddenly I felt a shock. Like a flash of the electric current I handled came a realization of what had happened. The watch in the crow's nest had gone to sleep and we had collided with either an iceberg or a ship. I sprang to the door of my cubby hole, threw it open and saw a great black bulk drifting slowly away from us. I had been right in my diagnosis. The watch had gone to sleep, the signals of an approaching vessel had not been seen, and we had collided.

What became of the ship we struck we did not know at the time. She had passed away from us in a sinking condition and went to the bottom. Upon examination of our own vessel an immense hole was found to have been made in the side, and there was danger of the bulkhead separating the compartment from the next giving way.

How I sat for three hours at my instrument repeating the letters C Q D (Come quick—danger) and giving our latitude and longitude, how ships sped toward us, how they came too late, has been told in other similar cases, and I will not dwell upon them. Once thing I will mention, and only one. Among those who during those anxious hours from time to time crowded around my booth, inquiring by anxious looks if succor was coming, I was struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed under far better control than the others. She asked me how long I would stick to my instrument, and I replied, "Until it can no longer be worked." An interest in me and the responsibility resting upon me seemed to override a sense of her own personal danger.

When the ship had gone down, their

ing in the water I seized an improvised raft that had lost its occupant. I saw by the light of early dawn the face of this girl turned toward me with an appeal for help. My support was barely enough for one, but I could not resist that appeal. I extended a hand and pulled her aboard.

From the raft we were taken into a boat in which were only three other persons alive, and they died during the long period in which we were exposed to the elements. The girl barely lived. Then came a wind that blew in westward, and at last we were overturned in breakers. How in my weakened condition I managed to drag my companion beyond the waves I do not know.

On looking about me, what was my astonishment to see not far away a wireless station, its uprights extending far up toward the clouds. Not knowing where we were, I could not tell what station it was. No one was near with whom to leave the girl that I might bring succor. Indeed, I did not know whether I was on an island or the mainland or whether the place was inhabited.

Nevertheless there was but one thing for me to do—leave her and go for help. On approaching the station I was surprised not to see any one. Glancing up at one of the posts, I saw that it had been shivered, doubtless by lightning. Entering the operating hut, there lay the dead body of a man. I surmised that he had been killed by the bolt that had struck the post.

There were supplies on hand, and taking what I needed to revive my companion, I returned to her, and, after getting her into condition to warrant a removal, I carried her to the station. She could not walk from weakness, and the pain she suffered from a fracture of one of her arms that she had received while exposed on the water. Upon reaching the station I laid her upon the bed that had been used by the operator, and then for the first time I was enabled to look about me.

The station was a new one, though not furnished, was in working order. I made a tour of observation to the westward and discovered that it was located on an island when the tide was high and a peninsula when it was low.

I called up the wireless station on Cape Cod and learned that I was on the Canadian shore at a latitude far north. I reported the killing of the operator either by lightning or otherwise, and was directed to assume charge of the station, since it would be impossible to send any one to me for some time, the station being in a wilderness and very inaccessible.

After communicating with the management I returned to my charge and received from her an account of herself. She was an orphan and had been on her way to America to take a position. Her name was Harriet Mainwaring. While I was getting these facts I was examining her arm which had been crushed, and I did not like the looks of it. Since there was no surgeon at hand I made calls on the wireless instrument and received a reply from a ship some 800 miles at sea. I asked the operator if there was a surgeon aboard, and at his reply that there was I begged him to call the doctor to the wireless office.

Upon being notified that the doctor was present I described the appearance of Miss Mainwaring's arm, and, after answering several questions asked by the doctor, I was informed that it was evident gangrene was setting in and if the arm was not amputated the patient would probably die.

The situation was distressing—either amputation or death and no surgeon to amputate. After some further electrical talk the surgeon asked me what tools I had, and I replied that there was a chest containing carpenter's tools of all kinds at the station, whereupon he gave me the process of cutting off a person's arm. After familiarizing me with this he told me to bring the patient as near the wireless instrument as possible and prepare to perform the necessary operation under his direction.

I shall not describe the amputation, which occasioned the most dreadful strain I ever endured. I felt a temporary relief when I had secured the end of the severed artery, but feared to see my patient collapse after I had finished. I made a frightful bungle of it, especially the administering of the stimulant in lieu of an anaesthetic, which I did not possess. For days I wondered if my patient would pull through, though I confess she gained strength rapidly.

She had come into a fair condition, and still no one appeared at the station to relieve me. I asked the superintendent repeatedly how long I was to be left alone, but got only promises that were destined to be broken. What especially troubled me was that I was living alone with a young woman who was not my wife, and I knew that when we returned to the world this would be a reflection upon her. Moreover, it was plain that she realized the disadvantage of our position.

Nothing will so endear persons to each other as suffering together. Miss Mainwaring had an additional cause for being drawn to me in that I had possessed the nerve to perform a surgical operation that had saved her life under the guidance of a man many hundreds of miles away. It was not long before I told her that for my part I desired our companionship should not be broken, and she confessed blushingly that she would gladly consent to be my wife were there any person present to perform the ceremony.

To continue to live together, the only two persons at the station, without wedlock was neither practicable nor proper. I proposed that we should marry ourselves by a mutual agreement to be man and wife. This, she averred, would be no marriage at all.

RELIEVES CATARRH IN ONE HOUR

The quickest and easiest way to open up your mucus clogged head and free the throat from Catarrh secretions is to breathe Booth's HY-O-MEI.

Don't waste time with impossible methods; HY-O-MEI has ended the misery of Catarrh for thousands of despairing sufferers; it will do the same for you if you will give it a fair trial.

Just breathe it; it kills Catarrh germs and banishes Catarrh. A HY-O-MEI outfit, which includes inhaler, costs \$1.00. Separate bottles, if afterwards needed, 50c, at pharmacists everywhere. Money back from F. W. Jordan if dissatisfied.

She considered wedlock to be a religious rite and would not think of matrimony in any other form. I urged that my plan was the best we could do under the circumstances, but could not move her.

Then suddenly an idea struck me. If a surgical operation could be performed by wireless telegraph, why not a marriage? I ran to my instrument and began to call for ships, finally receiving a response from one that had

set out from the coast of Africa bound for Boston. I inquired if there were a clergyman on board and was informed that the bishop of Dahomey, a full blooded negro, was a passenger.

I went at once to Harriet and told her that here was an opportunity. She gasped at the idea of being married by a negro some 2,000 miles away, but I finally prevailed and, returning to the instrument, called for the bishop and asked him to perform the ceremony. He consented, and Harriet standing by me before the instrument, the operator at sea sent the service read by the bishop, and I replied on my key for Harriet and myself.

Thus had life been saved and two persons made one by means of a force operated through the air. My wife and I spent our honeymoon at the station and did not regret that we were not intruded upon by others.

I think by my illustration I have made plain that imagination is nothing but the weaving together of facts. Moreover, the facts I have stated could not have taken place before the invention of wireless telegraphy. In other words, they could not have been created by the imagination before they had become real, which is not imagination.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles Fletcher*

ENGLAND'S GUINEA HABIT.

They Have No Such Coin There, Yet Still They Use It.

Strangers in foreign countries always find some difficulty in getting used to the current coinage. In England they find themselves up against quite a number of problems, not the least of which is the guinea, and the difficulty is not lessened by the fact that the guinea is practically obsolete as a coin of the realm. The English physician's fee is always calculated as so many guineas, and the same thing holds good at a sale of pictures or whatnot at Christie's salesrooms.

The guinea is a gold coin current for 21 shillings sterling, or about \$5, but it has not been coined since the issue of the sovereign in 1817.

The guinea habit has been defended by some subtle dealers on the ground that it confuses the "foreign visitors to British salesrooms." On the other hand, those astute cambists have been known to growl at a few thousand sterling added to the price of a valuable picture by the adhesion to the guinea style of bidding. The story runs that the guinea was so called from the pieces struck from the bullion captured by Sir Harry Holmes in 1666 from 160 Dutch sail in Schelling bay, the bullion being from Guinea. But Shakespeare has an earlier play on the word when he mentions "guinea hen" in "Othello" as regards the auction usage of the guinea. There can be little doubt that it is a survival of the times when the extra shilling was treated as a five per cent commission, payable by the buyer. Double commissions are, however, now obsolete.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Retreat From Moscow. Napoleon's army for the invasion of Russia numbered 650,000. Only twenty thousand returned. During the retreat thousands of horses lay groaning on the route, while thousands of naked wretches were wandering like specters, who seemed to have no sight or sense, and who only kept reeling on till frost, famine or the Cossack henchmen put an end to their power of motion.

Mrs. Paul Wehling, 316 Smith St., Pocria, Ill., had kidney and bladder trouble, with terrible backache and pain across the hips. Just imagine her condition. She further says: "I was also very nervous, had headaches and dizzy spells, and was fast getting worse when I took Foley Kidney Pills, and now all my troubles are cured." Foley Kidney Pills have done so much for me I shall always recommend them." Ed. D. Heckerman.

TWO BIG ISSUES, SAYS COLLIER'S

The Tariff and the Proper Treatment of Monopolies.

WON'T TIE TO ROOSEVELT.

"Actively Disagrees" With His Views About Trusts and "Wastes of Competition" and Supports the Candidates of Wilson and Marshall.

Collier's is out for Wilson and Marshall. It refuses to support Theodore Roosevelt, plus George W. Perkins, Elbridge H. Gary and the rest of the steel trust-harvesters trust magnates.

Its open opposition to the third term ticket was indicated in the issue of Sept. 14. In the issue of Sept. 21 its reasons for espousing the Democratic cause are clear and forceful.

The leading editorial, "The Wastes of Competition," says:

"More and more the campaign is coming down to two pressing issues, the tariff and the proper treatment of monopolies. Collier's actively disagrees with the view of monopoly being urged by Messrs. Roosevelt, Perkins and Gary.

"They talk a great deal about the wastes of competition. The necessary wastes of competition are relatively insignificant, and the wastes of unfair and destructive competition are wholly unnecessary. They will be largely eliminated when competition is regulated.

"The La Follette-Lenroot and the Stanley bills to perfect the Sherman law and the Newlands-Cummins proposals for an interstate trade commission are all directed in part to that end. The remaining wastes of competition may be likened to the wastes of democracy. These are obvious, but we know also that democracy has compensations which render it more efficient than absolutism. So it is in industry. The margin between what men naturally do and what they can do is so great that the system which urges men on to effort is the best system.

"The necessary wastes of monopoly, on the other hand, are enormous. Some of these can, of course, be eliminated by regulation. An efficient interstate trade commission, acting under appropriate legislation, could put an end to much of the oppression of which trusts have been guilty. It could prevent unjust discrimination. It could prevent ruthless and unfair use of power; but a government commission would be powerless to secure for the people the low prices commonly attendant upon competition.

"As no means exist for determining whether greater net earnings are due to greater efficiency in management or to excessive profits, large net earnings would be followed by compulsory reduction of prices, which in turn would create a sense of injustice suffered, paralyze individual enterprise and produce unprogressive, slipshod management. The attempt to secure low prices through price fixing would prove as impotent as the statutes which have sought to protect the public in railroad rates by limiting the dividends.

"The interstate commerce commission has been invoked as an argument in favor of licensing monopoly. That commission has stopped many abuses; it has practically put an end to corrupt and corrupting discrimination in rates; it has protected the shipper from oppression and arrogance and injustice; it has prevented unreasonable advances in rates; but it has secured comparatively few notable reductions in rates, except those involved in stopping discrimination between persons, places or articles. It has been powerless to reduce operating costs, and greater reductions in rates can come only with reductions in the cost of producing transportation. The injustice and corruption attending the earlier railroad period were extremely serious. But we must not forget that the sweeping reductions in American operating costs and rates belong to the earlier period of competition among railroads. In the ten years from 1899 to 1909, while competition among the railroads was active, the freight rate per ton per mile was gradually reduced from 941 to 724. The years 1899-1900 marked the great movement for combination or "community of interest" in the railroad world as well as in the industrial world. The freight rate per ton per mile began to rise. In each of the eleven succeeding years it was higher than in 1899, and in 1910 it was .753.

"The deadening effect of monopoly is illustrated by its arrest of invention. The shoe machinery trust, formed in 1899, resulted in combining, directly and indirectly, more than 100 shoe machinery concerns. It acquired substantially a monopoly of all the essential machinery used in bottling boots and shoes, as well as many other machines. It believed itself unassailable, and shoe manufacturers had to regard their subjection to the trust as unavoidable. Nevertheless in 1910 the trust found its prestige and power threatened and its huge profits imperiled. It was confronted with a competitor so formidable that the trust, in flagrant violation of law paid \$5,000,000 to buy him out. Thomas G. Plant had actually succeeded in developing in about five years, while the trust was solid from monopoly, a

substantially complete system of shoe machinery which many good judges declared to be superior to that of the trust.

"George W. Perkins, apostle of the economic and social efficiency of monopoly, quoted to the senate committee on interstate commerce the statement that:

"The corporations that Mr. Edison's business inventions had made possible were today capitalized at \$7,000,000."

"The Inventors' guild, an association in which Mr. Edison is naturally prominent, said in a memorial addressed to the president:

"It is a well known fact that modern trade combinations tend strongly toward constancy of processes and products and by their very nature are opposed to new processes and products originated by independent inventors and hence tend to restrain competition in the development and sale of patents and patent rights and consequently tend to discourage independent inventors thought to the great detriment of the nation."

As to Buying.

Whatever we wish to buy, we ought first to consider not only if the thing is fit for us, but if the manufacture of it be a wholesome and happy one; and if, on the whole, the sum we are going to spend will do as much good spent in this way as it would if spent in any other way.—Ruskin.

Just Try It.

Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and minister to them. Seek out the desolate and oppressed. I have often tried this medicine, and always find it the best antidote for a heavy heart.—John Howard.

TO WRITE FOR PITTSBURG POST

Sarah Bernhardt, the Great Actress, Will Choose Her Own Topics.

The greatest emotional actress in the history of the world, the divine Sarah Bernhardt, has consented to write an article every day during the coming year, exclusively for The Pittsburgh Post. Her services have been secured at enormous cost and The Pittsburgh Post made a splendid and successful effort to have this treat for its readers as one of the many features that make that newspaper famous.

Madame Bernhardt will touch on any subject she chooses and the remarkable Frenchwoman's writing will be read with avidity by the thousands of readers of The Pittsburgh Post.

If you are not a regular reader of The Pittsburgh Post you had better order that newspaper from your newsdealer at once, as you will not want to miss a single one of the Bernhardt articles.

The Pittsburgh Post is one of the great daily newspapers of America, full of a fine variety of features, including the famous green sporting sheet. Its news service is unequalled. If you want to follow the election campaign and get the complete news written without bias, be sure to get The Pittsburgh Post.

Remember, the Bernhardt articles begin Monday, October 7, and will appear every day, including Sunday, thereafter in The Post.

Asserting Himself.

"Paw," said little Dick, "you can swear at me all you want to, but if you swear any more at maw I'll be danged if I don't go and tell a p'eece-man!"

Five Million for a Theater.

The leading theaters in Paris receive a large sum of money every year from the government for their support. One of the opera houses standing in the center of Paris cost five million dollars.

WATCH YOUR HAIR, LADIES

Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Luxuriant and Radiant Hair

If dandruff germs are devouring the nourishment that belongs to the hair, it will soon begin to fall. Furthermore it will lose its life and lustre and will become dull, faded and even gray.

If you have any signs of dandruff

Captain Joe Sturgis

A Man Who Could Pilot a Boat in a Fog

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I was a student at a New England college I used to spend my vacations on the seacoast. I was fond of water sports—boating, fishing, bathing—and in the autumn shooting, though since the season for the latter came when I was engaged at my studies I could only enjoy it for a day or two at a time.

My favorite place for enjoying an outing was a village on the coast of Maine. There is no coast in America so sought during the hot months, for there is none so beautiful. There are islands and estuaries without number, while the air is pure and bracing. The only drawback is the fogs, which will occasionally sweep suddenly in from the ocean and at times last several days.

The village of B., which came to be the usual scene of my summer outings, looked out upon a bay beyond which was the boundless ocean. Sometimes I lay in a hammock hung between trees, watching ships pass far out on the horizon, dreaming of the people walking about on them, shifting their sails, at meals, or idling as I was. I had but to turn my eyes nearer, to an island beautiful as a fairyland rising out of a fairy sea, or, still nearer, to a strip of ground in its native state, brown, yellow and green patches leading up to a snow white cottage, behind which was a thicket of cedars.

Captain Joe Sturgis, a man who had acquired his title as master of a fishing smack, was my principal companion. He fished for a living, but in July and August, the fishing being poor, he rested, for he had made enough money at his vocation to build himself a snug home and have more invested at interest.

Sturgis was a plain, quiet, thoughtful, uneducated man, but I always felt that if he and I were obliged to float for our lives and there was but one plank between us he would leave me the plank. He used a single mast-ed boat about twenty feet long for fishing purposes, and during my vacations that boat was my second home. The captain and I made cruises in her among the islands of the coast. There were four bunks in her, a small cook stove and mess kit. At night we would anchor in some inlet or little bay, and after supper be lulled to sleep by the sound of wavelets beating against the side of the boat. That was years ago, but to this day I can hear the soothing splash. In the morning we would be up with the sun, and I would take a cold water plunge while the captain was frying the fish and making the coffee for breakfast. Then up would come the anchor and we would be off, we cared not where, since the whole of these beautiful waters with their green promontories and islands were ours. During these cruises I was as near heaven as it is possible for one on earth to be.

Storms we had, of course, but we were either scudding before the wind, racing with the white caps, or beating up against them, now and again getting a ducking, buckets of spray dashed over us. But what did we care, protected as we were by our oisks? The fogs, I admit, I never liked. The coast in that region is full of reefs and if our boat should strike a sunken point of rock it would go down, leaving us to struggle with the waves and likely to find a sepulcher in the belly of some fish. The coast within a dozen or twenty miles of B. Sturgis knew so well that he could navigate his boat even in a fog. I once asked him how he did it, and he replied in the same way he walked in his own house at night. A current here, the sound of water beating against rocks there and other indications were valuable assistants in keeping the course and avoiding the rocks.

Sturgis seemed to be a part of the region he inhabited and felt that after death he would still be a part of it. He would say to me:

"I've often thought how I'd like to be free from my body and go where I like, to hover above the ledges over which the waves dash in a storm so we dare not go near in a boat and on which there is no footing. It would be fine to swim with the crest of a wave till it begins to curl on a beach, watch it break and scatter in foam on the sand."

"In a fraction of a second," I suggested, "you might be a thousand miles away."

"I wouldn't care for that. I'm a home body and never want to go away from home."

"You mean not more than fifty miles from home."

"This is all home to me. I sleep just as well in the boat o' nights as in my cottage on the shore. The cottage is well anchored for a storm, but somehow I feel safer on the water, especially on a lee shore. You see, there's nothing to break the force o' the wind where my house is built but in a storm if I'm near shore I can run into any snug cove and go to sleep peace ful."

"And if you're out at sea?"

"Oh, then I take in and close all sail and let her ride. If I'm to the windward of a shore I drop the anchor."

"Don't need even a jib for steering?"

"No; with sails all in she won't go over. She's well ballasted."

These conversations with the captain led me to think that those who live near to nature, though uneducated, have a more comprehensive view of the universe, including themselves, not as brief existences, but as appearing under different forms. Houses and books tend to destroy this more extended view of ourselves. The houses exclude what is grand in nature; the books lead us to reason. And, exclusive of revelation, what basis have we for our reasoning? Is not one who takes his inspiration from nature more free to follow his higher instincts?

During the first winter after I was graduated from college I heard of the death of my old friend Captain Joe Sturgis. He died in his bed, and it at once occurred to me that his spirit, freed from the clay of his physical body, went right out over the water and the islands among which he had so often sailed in his slower going boat. After his death I did not care to go to B. and did not see the place for ten years. Then it occurred to me that I would like to revisit the scenes I had so much enjoyed during my youth. I had long been immersed in business, and if I got an outing it was seldom for more than a fortnight. The influence of nature had long ago passed from me, and if I thought of the skipper who had been my companion it was not flitting in spiritual form over the waves, but mouldering in the churchyard at B.

I found the place but little changed. I doubt if twenty houses had been added to those that had composed the town ten years before. I met persons whom I had known, but they, as well as I, had grown older. Sturgis' old boat was still in existence and in use. I had sailed her in fair weather both with the captain and alone, and I remembered the coast for a distance of, say, ten miles from B. sufficiently to take the boat over it. So I got into her one morning intending to revisit some of the nearby scenes of former years. I took no one with me, preferring to go alone.

The morning was bright and beautiful. I spent a couple of hours cruising about noticing old landmarks, or, rather, old sea marks, when, suddenly looking eastward, I saw the fog bank. There was little breeze, and I could not reach land before I was enveloped in one of those fogs so thick that they are really fine rain. I drifted for hours, hoping all the while that it would lift, but it did not. It came upon me at noon, and when night fell I was still enveloped in it.

That night is ever to be remembered as the most frightful of my life. There was no wind, and if there had been I would not have dared avail myself of it, for I had no compass and, in any event, was beset with sunken rocks. I passed the afternoon and the night till near morning in an agony of suspense, without food or water, then fell into either a stupor or a sleep.

I had taken position near the bow where I could watch, sitting on the deck with my back resting against the mast. It must have been near dawn that, looking aft, I saw, or thought I saw, a dim form at the tiller, while the sail was filled, though the fog had not lifted.

I have never since been quite sure whether I was awake, half asleep or asleep and dreaming. Nevertheless some one was at the helm and the boat was moving. It did not occur to me to get up and go aft to see who my pilot was, and this has led me to think that I dreamed. I sat where I was, looking into the mist now and again, hearing the swish of waves over protruding rocks, at times sailing near enough to them to see their dim, dark bulk.

I knew that there was, or had been but one man at B. who could sail a boat in those waters in a fog, and that man was Captain Sturgis. I was possessed with the idea that time had been turned back ten years and I was again sailing with my old friend.

Yet I knew that Captain Sturgis was dead.

How long I sailed thus I don't know, but when it came light enough for me to see, the fog lifted, and I recognized on either side of me rocks, by which I knew that I was emerging from one of the most tortuous, dangerous channels on this coast. There was a fair breeze, and the tide was with me. I was not far from B. and saw persons on the shore, evidently looking out at me.

I sprang to the tiller, which was deserted, and pointed my course toward B. In half an hour I reached the landing and was welcomed by anxious friends, who had feared for my safety. They asked me how in the name of conscience I had got through the channel from which they had seen me emerge, wrapped in fog, without striking the rocks. I told them I didn't know; it must have been either luck or Providence. I did not say what I believed, and have since often partly believed that I had been piloted by the disembodied spirit of my beloved friend, Captain Joe Sturgis.

I left B. the same day, and I have never cared to go there since. Not only was I unstrung by having been tossed helpless on an ocean without being able to see half a dozen yards but there was something frightful in my narrow escape. I did, not shudder at having been piloted, as I believed, by my old friend; but, taking my experience altogether, I had no desire to sail in those waters again.

Time has taken away the horror of the situation and strengthened, or, rather, warmed my soul toward him whom I cannot but consider to be living a renewed life among the scenes he so well loved during his physical life and who, remembering me affectionately, came to my help in the hour of my trouble.

"If you're out at sea?"

"Oh, then I take in and close all sail and let her ride. If I'm to the windward of a shore I drop the anchor."

Here's Your Chance to Help Democrats Win.

Send One Dollar to Contributors' Wilson and Marshall League and Get Certificate For Framing.

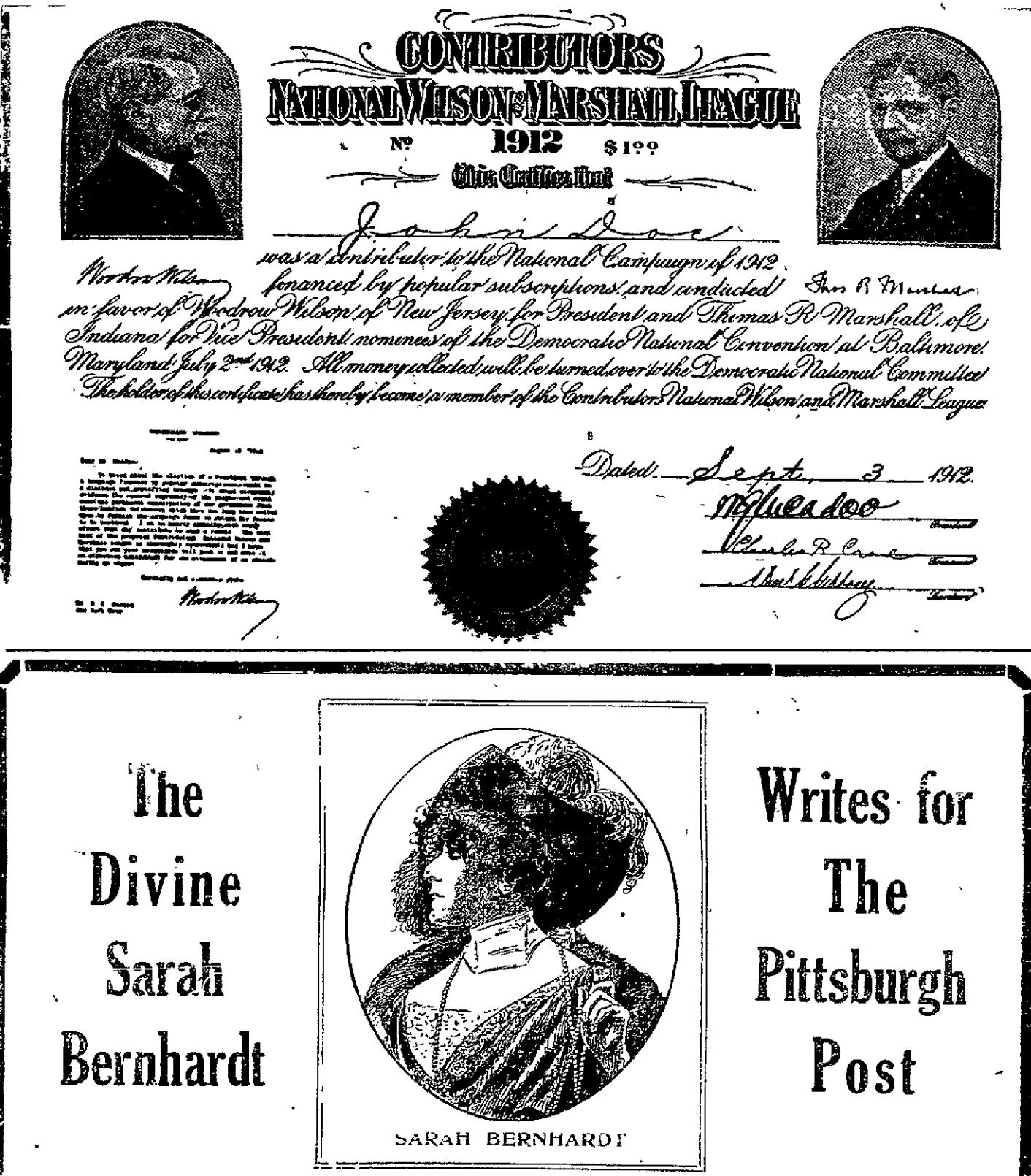
The Contributors' National Wilson and Marshall league has been organized with W. G. McAdoo, vice chairman of the national Democratic committee, as president; Charles R. Crane, vice chairman of the finance committee of the national Democratic committee, as treasurer; and Stuart G. Gibbons as secretary for the purpose of aiding in raising funds for the national campaign by popular subscription.

In furtherance of this purpose lithographed certificates have been prepared, suitable for framing, on which are engraved portraits of Governors Wilson and Marshall and their autographs and which certify that the holders have contributed to the national Democratic campaign. The denominations of these certificates are \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$25, \$50 and \$100.

The league supplies these certificates to clubs in large numbers, so they may be issued when contributions are made. It is believed the solicitation of funds will be greatly aided by this method.

The name and address of each contributor should be forwarded to the Contributors' National Wilson and Marshall league, room 1,368, Fifth Avenue building, New York city, where a complete record of all contributors will be kept.

A facsimile of the artistic certificates issued by this league follows:



The Divine Sarah Bernhardt



Writes for
The
Pittsburgh
Post

A Great Special Feature

The best American papers have competed for the right to publish this remarkable series. Sarah Bernhardt's name is a household word. She is the greatest emotional actress in the history of the world. Only one paper in this section can publish these articles—THE PITTSBURGH POST. It has cost us money—a great deal of money. But it is the BIG SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE YEAR. The experience and knowledge of a lifetime of the world's greatest actress, the Divine Sarah Bernhardt, are wrapped up in this series. She made a name—a fortune on the stage by portraying life—now she writes about life as seen by her in its many phases in many countries. The articles are strong in interest, unusual in treatment. Everybody should read them. They appear daily in THE PITTSBURGH POST beginning October 7th.

Compare a copy of THE PITTSBURGH POST with the great American dailies and see how favorably it sizes up beside them.

ALL THE SPORTING NEWS—The popular BIG GREEN Sporting Sheet takes care of that.

MARKET, FINANCIAL AND TRADE REPORTS—one to two pages daily—complete, timely and accurate.

THE WOMEN'S PAGE—Society notes, the theaters, book and fashion reviews, etc.

EDITORIALS—Short, pithy comments on men, measures and methods of the hour.

CARTOONS—Timely events seen in amusing ways, by our staff artists.

POLITICAL EVENTS—Pointed comments on the activities of all parties. Special correspondent in Washington.

THE NEWS SERVICE—"Everything that's fit to print" gathered from everywhere by telephone, telegraph and wireless. Up-to-the-minute information for everyone.

The Pittsburgh Post is the only Democratic morning newspaper in Pittsburgh. It is the fastest growing morning paper—clean, live, newsy and fair. You should have it for the full reports on the great presidential campaign. Get it of your local carrier every day and Sunday, or send in your subscription by mail. Do it NOW. Don't forget. The Bernhardt articles appear daily, beginning October 7th.

The Pittsburgh Post

The October American Magazine

A few months ago The American Magazine published an article entitled "Old Age at Forty," which was an account of the various hard conditions under which laborers work in the steel industry. The United States Steel Corporation appointed a committee to investigate the truth of the article, and its truth was well substantiated. As a result the Steel Corporation has taken steps to remedy some of those hard conditions and an account of what it is doing appears

in the October number of The American Magazine.

In the same number appears the story of Charles B. Towns, a great expert in the treatment of drug and alcohol fiends. The article is entitled "Fighting the Deadly Habits," and it

is full of practical suggestions of great interest.

Another notable article is entitled "The Physics of Baseball," in which Hugh S. Fullerton records many of the remarkable phenomena of the game; as for example, the fact that the differences in atmospheric pressure between Denver and New York makes it possible for a baseball player to throw a baseball much further in Denver than in New York.

"Where Stage Villains are Real" is an account of a remarkable theatrical production given twice a year to convicts in the State Penitentiary in California. "Funny Face" is an account of an interesting monkey by Stewart Edward White. "What Makes a Bad Play" is Walter Prichard Eaton's contribution to the theatrical department. "Our Predecessors" is an article on Women by Ida M. Tarbell.

Fiction of unusual vitality and interest is contributed by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Inez Haynes Gillmore, Edwin Balmer, Zona Gale, and H. G. Wells.

The departments, "In the Interpreter's House," "Interesting People" and "The Pilgrim's Scrip," are full of good reading and valuable ideas.

Mr. Jas. V. Churchill, 90 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y., has been bothered with serious kidney and bladder trouble ever since he left the army, and says: "I decided to try Foley Kidney Pills as they had cured so many people and I soon found they were just the thing. My kidneys and bladder are again in a healthy condition. I gladly recommend them." Ed. D. Heckerman.

The Pension Roll

The longevity of the pension roll has surprised a good many persons, but now comes D. I. Woods, a clerk in the War Department, with some illuminating statistics. A total of 2,278,558 were enlisted on the Union side in the Civil War, and all but 118,000 were less than 21 years old. The war was won by boys. To be more specific, 1,000,000 were between eighteen and twenty-one; 307,000 were eighteen; 613,000 were seventeen; 105,000 from fourteen to sixteen; 200 were thirteen; 225 were twelve; 38 were eleven; and there were 25 babies of ten years.

The war ended forty-six years ago. If the average soldier was twenty at enlistment and twenty-five at the close of the rebellion, he is only seventy-one years old now, and his wife may be much younger.

The pension roll is good for many years yet.—Portland Express.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For burns, scalds, cuts and emergencies. All druggists sell it. 25c and 50c.

Inspiration

The Poet sought for fire from that high altar.

Claimed by Apollo,—God of those who aspire:

"Go back," the message came, "and do not falter,

Within your heart seek Inspiration's fire."

The Poet found the word both true and tender,

To express the passion of the inmost soul,

And from his lips expressing love's sweet splendor

The delphic words of Inspiration roll.

—H. B. T.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Something New in Football

Under an alternate downs system the necessity of making inches is done away with and the pass is free. No collision would take place since there would be no dead line, i. e., zone system, and the defensive backs would find it scientifically unprofitable to make fierce tackles since they would never know when the ball was to be passed or how often. If they tackle the player without the ball they would suffer a penalty.

With the principle of alternate downs in operation each team will have an equal opportunity to express its offensive and defensive powers. Such a rule opens the way to a natural and complete development of the game. Adding or subtracting strength by the enactment or abolishment of new rules will have no effect whatever upon the fortunes of either team and affects no artificial standard.—E. B. Cochems in October Outlook.

For any itchiness of the skin, for skin rashes, chaps, pimples, etc., try Dean's Ointment 50c at all drug stores

Friends.

We speak with awed tenderness of our guardian angels; but have we not all had our guiding angels, who came to us in visible form, and, recognized or unknown, kept beside us on our difficult path until they had done for us all that they could?—Lucy Larcom.

The World's Greatest Slave.

Aesop probably is one of the most noted slaves that ever lived. The fables and stories he told have delighted mankind for twenty-five hundred years, and there is no telling how much longer the world will continue to enjoy them. Aesop was so deformed that for a long time his Greek master could not sell him. Finally he was sold, and the master found him so wise that he was set free.

Where Charm Lies.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations habitually practiced in our social intercourse give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.—M. A. Keity.

Bewers in Berlin.

All of Berlin's sewage is pumped out of the city to disposal farms which have a total area of about 40,000 acres.

FWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bedford Gazette

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

S. A. VAN ORMER,
Editor and Publisher.

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$1.50, payable in advance.

Card of Thanks, 50c; Resolutions, \$1.00.

All communications should be addressed to

Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 4, 1912.



Democratic Nominations

NATIONAL

President
WOODROW WILSON
of New Jersey
Vice President
THOMAS R. MARSHALL
of Indiana

STATE

Auditor General
ROBERT E. CRESWELL
of Cambria County
State Treasurer
WILLIAM H. BERRY
of Delaware County
Congressmen-At-Large
GEORGE B. SHAW
of Westmoreland County
JOSEPH HOWLEY
of Allegheny County
GEORGE B. MCLEAN
of Luzerne County
E. E. GREENAWALT
of Lancaster County

COUNTY

Member of Congress
WARREN WORTH BAILEY
of Cambria County
General Assembly
HON. JOHN T. MATT
of Everett

The Republican writers of campaign literature, in their advocacy of high tariff and of the President, seem to forget that the pet measure of the Taft administration was the Canadian Reciprocity measure, which would have established free trade relations in many articles with the government to our north. If such relations with Canada would be to the mutual advantage of the contracting nations, why would such an agreement with other nations not be advantageous? President Taft waited not for any report of his tariff board when he was driving the Canadian measure.

ONE POINT SETTLED

It has been stoutly denied by Colonel Roosevelt that the late E. H. Harriman contributed Fifty Thousand Dollars to his 1904 slush fund, but with the Senate investigating committee this week the following receipt was filed.

New York, Nov. 2, 1904.
Received from E. H. Harriman
Fifty Thousand and 00-100 Dollars
C. N. Bliss,
\$5,000
Treasurer.

Mr. Harriman is dead and Mr. Bliss is dead and Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have his way. But some papers, it seems, cannot be destroyed.

CHEER UP, NEIGHBOR!

The Inquirer of last week seemed worried over our statement as to our having the largest fully paid bona fide subscription list in the county. Twice our neighbor had the opportunity to test the truth of the statement and the opportunity is still open to it, on the conditions it itself laid down, whenever the proper officer of the corporation will certify to the list furnished by our neighbor.

As to their having superlative equipment it is too silly to touch. Evidence of this is found in one little item of work, the Court Calendar, for which the Inquirer has been charging Fifteen Dollars a quarter, but which we can print at a profit for Eight Dollars, but the Commission-

ers don't seem to want it that way. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," but one of the largest holders of stock in The Inquirer Company, in an article over his own signature in a Philadelphia paper a short time ago referred to our neighbor as "having very little influence." To this end must eventually come any journal that labors "for party, right or wrong."

DARK CLOUD DISSIPATED

The nomination of Hon. William Sulzer for Governor at Syracuse, by the New York state convention removes a dark cloud from the political sky so far as the Democratic party of the nation is concerned.

While it marks the downfall of the present Chief Executive of the Empire State, John A. Dix, and the probable removal of Charles F. Murphy as leader of Tammany Hall, it produces a bright sky for the Democrats of the nation.

It means New York will instruct her electors for Woodrow Wilson as President of the American nation.

The selection of Hon. Alton B. Parker as permanent chairman of the convention was no mistake. It afforded him an opportunity to answer some of the accusations hurled against him at Baltimore, which did no harm.

Among other charges made was that he was a paid attorney of Thomas F. Ryan, and at this first opportunity he declared that Mr. Ryan had never paid him one cent as an attorney.

Another pleasing feature of the convention was that Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, when interrogated said, "I see no reason why the unit rule should not be abrogated if it is the wish of the delegates." He was the champion of Governor Dix, but he made no effort to control the convention, neither did he attempt to hold to the unit rule.

Parker's declaration that he did not answer charges at the Baltimore convention, at the time, for the good of the party and Murphy's attitude at the Syracuse convention are significant. New York Democracy is in control of the rank and file of the party and her large number of National delegates will be instructed for Wilson, without which Jersey's Governor can hardly win.

Paint and Not

Paint was never before so high as last year and this: about \$2.25 a gallon Devoe and a half-dollar less for trash.

It looks like paint and pretends to be paint, but isn't worth painting. It costs a painter's day's-work to put-on a gallon of paint, good or bad; and a painter's day's-work is \$3 or \$4.

Add that to the price of a gallon. That is the cost of a gallon. Devoe is \$5 or \$6 a gallon, and trash a half-dollar less.

But Devoe is all paint and more too, you add oil to it, a gallon is 5 or 6 quarts of perfect paint for the painter's pot. But trash is three-quarters two-thirds or half paint, you pay a half-dollar less for nobody-knows-what-it-is.

10 gallons Devoe is enough for the average job, it takes 15 to 20 gallons of trash. And the wear same way. Unfortunately, they look alike when just put-on.

DEVOE
Metzger Hardware and House Furnishing Company sell it.

A Fine Display

Isaac Pierson, Bedford's veteran implement dealer, is showing at the Bedford County Fair this week the following goods. An International gasoline spraying outfit, two Syracuse reversible sulky plows, "Best in Show," a Milburn farm wagon and some Jewel steel ranges. While the Milburn is only a regular stock wagon, it is the finest finished and best ironed wagon on the Fair Grounds.

Wolfsburg M. E. Charge

J. R. Melroy, Pastor
Sunday, October 6—Wolfsburg; Sunday School 9:30; preaching and Communion service, 10:15 a. m. Trans Run: Sunday School 2; preaching service 3 p. m. Rainsburg: Class meeting 7; Harvest Home service 7:30 p. m.

Sulphur Springs Reformed Charge

Emmet M. Adair, Pastor
Saturday, October 5—Mt. Zion: Divine worship 7:30 p. m. Sunday, October 6, Sunday School 9:30 a. m.; Divine worship 10:30 a. m. Grace Church, Mann's Choice: Sunday School 10:30 a. m.; Divine worship 7 p. m.

Whales May Live 500 Years.
The land animal which lives the longest probably is the tortoise. Under favorable conditions it will live to an age of 350 or 400 years. One died at the London Zoo which was said to have attained the age of 350 years. The ordinary whale lives to be 500 years old. No other animal of the sea lives to be that old.

WASHINGTON LETTER (Continued From First Page.)

the sum which would be annually saved, were the United States to relinquish sovereignty over the Philippine Islands, would not fall short of \$50,000,000. Democratic success means the divorcing of the islands and Republican success means their retention.

Tariff Tax Extortions

Here are some figures showing the tariff tax paid by the average American family which tell their own story: Wage earner's family . . . \$82 a year Salary earner's family . . . \$140 a year Professional man's family \$140 a year

Senator Clapp Testifies

Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota, says: "You will hear it said constantly, with reference to something on which the price has been advanced, 'Oh, that isn't in the tariff at all.' That increase has nothing to do with the tariff." But the fact is that the tariff reaches all along the line. You can't raise the cost of living to a man who is producing something to sell without forcing that man to raise correspondingly the price of what he has to sell."

Query for Protectionists

If our protective system is not the 'substantial' explanation of the abnormal increase in the cost of living in the United States, how does it come that British prices, under free trade, increased but 7.7 per cent. in ten years, while American prices, under protection, increased 34.3 per cent.?

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

National Bank of Commerce,

Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A MAGIC MIRROR.

Experiments With the Moon and Stars and a Hand Glass.

A pretty experiment can be made with a hand mirror any night when there is a full moon. Hold the mirror so that the moon's image will be seen in it and you will be surprised to see four moons instead of one. One moon will be very bright, but the other three will be in a straight line and quite dull, one dull image on the side of the bright moon and the other two on the other side. Turn the mirror round slowly, still holding its face to the moon, and the reflections will seem to revolve round a common center.

You can make the same experiment with one of the very bright stars, such as Sirius, Venus or Jupiter, but with these there will be three images instead of four, as the number seen depends on the breadth of the object. The explanation is quite simple. There are two surfaces in the mirror, one in front and the other where the quicksilver is. The brightest reflection comes from the object itself, the others are what are known as secondary images reflected from the front to the back of the mirror and thence to the eye. The magic mirror never fails to excite a good deal of wonder, and is an interesting experiment as well.—London Chronicle

Lovely Landscapes.

George IV on one occasion casually entered a private apartment at Windsor Castle and encountered, somewhat to his surprise, his valet, who was seated at a table loaded with viands and eating with great avidity.

"Ah!" exclaimed the king. "I was always fond of scenery, and here is a lovely piece of landscape spread out before me."

The valet smiled feebly, but politely intimated that he did not understand the king's allusion to landscape and scenery.

"Why," replied the first gentleman of Europe, "do I not see before me a smiling valet with a magnificent gorge?"

The valet thereupon rose and retired excusing himself to the king on the ground that he had turned suddenly "hill."—London Tit-Bits

Dublin Book Pirates.

Dublin is rich in literary associations and during the eighteenth century was a busy publishing center. Some of its enterprises, however, were not of a very reputable kind. Ireland was then outside the copyright laws and English books were "pirated" in Dublin. Some Dublin publishers are said to have kept spies in the London printing houses and by this means were able to issue "pirated" editions of important books coincidently with and sometimes even before the appearance of the authentic issue.—London Chronicle

Defining a Fathom.

"A fathom," explained a schoolteacher to her class in mathematics, "is a nautical word used in defining distance. It means six feet. Now, I want some little girl to give me a sentence using the word 'fathom'." Instantly a hand shot up. "Well, Mary, you may give your sentence." Mary stood up proudly. "The reason flies can walk on the ceiling," said the observant child, "is because they have a fathom."

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs.

Making Good Country Roads

The construction of the state roads has given us models for shaping, curving and otherwise draining; and the free literature furnished on application by the U. S. Department of Agriculture concerning the use of the road machine, the King drag and the King ditcher, leave no excuse for supervisors who cling to the kind of roads traveled by Noah and his sons when they conveyed the animals down the slopes of Mt. Ararat.

It has now been settled, as a matter of law, that injuries to teams, wagons and automobiles from breakers, loose stones and unnecessary ruts, and chuck holes, can be recovered from the township in which the injury occurs. It is a case of make good roads or pay heavy bills.

There is a great economy to the farmer in good roads that will permit heavy hauling without injury to teams and equipment; and the community which installs and maintains good roads is building up its land values permanently.

Last, but not least, excellent roads can be constructed for a fractional part of what we have been spending for roads unfit for general travel.

As to this last proposition, Schellsburg and Napier Township have been doing work and keeping account of cost.

Briefly described, the new method of handling roads is as follows:

A regular train is made up of a road engine, a rooter and two road machines, the rooter being immediately behind the engine. The rooter is set to cut at the outer edge of the proposed gutter, and is hitched so as to cut deep. The plan is to "root" a deep, narrow slice at the gutter edge so as to give the first road machine a grip. The first road machine is then set so as to handle the gutter side of the road, and the second road machine handles the road towards the center.

After a crew has been broken in (and it does not take long to do this), from $\frac{1}{2}$ to four miles of road can be shaped in a single day. Where the ground being worked is stony a team follows and collects the stone which is forced to the center of the road.

The road train will handle a road 16 feet wide from gutter to gutter. If the road is wider the train must be followed at once by the King drag, which shapes the road at the center; where the road is but 16 feet wide, or narrower, the road is allowed to stand as shaped until a rain, and then handled with the King drag. Once shaped the road can be kept in almost perfect condition with the drag alone for the rest of the year, and usually for several years, as each dragging compacts the road and makes it more impervious to water and less apt to cut up with heavy hauling.

If the gutters begin to wash they are shaped with the ditcher for a fractional part of the usual cost.

There are several advantages in this new method of shaping and keeping road over the old man-horse system. In the first place, the power from the engine is steady; it does not come by jerks; and the road makers can cut and shear almost to a hair line; which can't be done with horse power. Secondly: The same money will pay for two or three times as much road-mileage as where horse power is used—and the work will be far better done. And, thirdly: Road work can be done economically and successfully with the road train when the ground is too dry to work successfully or economically any other way.

The cost for constructing road by this system is as follows: Road engine per day \$8.00 Three men to work machines and rooter 4.50

\$12.50 Assuming the low average of $\frac{1}{2}$ miles of road per day, this makes the cost of shaping the road \$5 per mile. The balance of the year's cost for keeping such a road in shape so that, as one of our roadmasters puts it, "half an hour after a rain you can walk in patent leathers without soiling your shoes," can safely be put at not over \$2.50 per mile, and you have permanently improved that road so that next year the cost of keeping it in shape will be comparatively trifling.

Of course some sections of road can't be handled so cheaply; but they can be handled at a much less rate of cost than by the old fashioned system.

The rooter costs \$16; the drag and ditcher can be made for not over \$3 each. If you will send a postal to the Bureau of Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture, they will send you bulletins telling how to make and use the drag and ditcher. Both should be made to their measurements, as guess-work will not do.

We have found that in our road making that certain rules must be followed if first-class results are to be obtained for the smallest cost. To save others from going through the same mistakes we made at first, a complete description of how to hitch and use this road train is being prepared, under the direction of the men who have used it most successfully; and I will send to anyone who wants it, a copy of this descriptive article. Also I will send the bulletin on the drag and ditcher to those who send to me for it.

Of course the use of this very economical and satisfactory system means throwing on the scrap heap the old and vicious system of letting men work out their road tax. It means that work which requires experts will be done by experts; and that road-making will have some system to it.

In 1911 the old system was worked on the road from Schellsburg to Springhope, five miles, and the money spent was \$210 for a road that was an abomination. This year, for less than one-fifth of this sum, and in the worst road-making season for years, we have put that road into first-class shape and kept it so. It was never so good before.

A. B. Ross,
Schellsburg, Pa., Oct. 1, 1912.

Calling Cards

On short notice The Gazette can furnish you with calling cards neatly printed. We feel sure we can please you. Call and see our samples.



Keep Step With Correct Style

Don't march in the rear ranks when it is so easy to keep step with the leaders in the Army of good dressers.

GRIFFON CLOTHES The Styles Good-Dressers

Between Friends

A Tale of the Desert

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The sand of the desert shimmered in the intense heat. The sun shone bravely down from a merciless blue sky. Shifting winds had ruffed the sands into wavelets, with here and there a mountainous billow.

Winding in and out among the billows were shallow indentations—camel tracks in the sand.

Ford Cameron turned to his companion.

"How long, Abdi?"

The Arab leaned from his horse—until his face almost touched the sand. With a single movement of his lithe body he sat upright again. "Ten minutes, saire," he said, with a shrug of the shoulder.

Cameron frowned.

"The last caravan we ran into tried to rob us of what the others hadn't stolen," he muttered.

"This is the same one, effendi," remarked Abdi.

"How do you know that?" Cameron's tone was sharp.

Again the Arab shrugged. "I know." "Let us go another way, then," suggested the American impatiently. "My journey to the ancient ruins of Gib, where I am to join the archaeological expedition, has already been interrupted five times by encounters with bandits and holdups by both Italian and Turkish scouting parties. Is there no other route we may take—one that is less frequented?"

Abdi's fierce glance seemed to overleap the billowed desert and became concentrated on the far horizon, where something glittered for an instant and then vanished.

"There is a different route that may prove to be safer," he said at last.

"Lead the way, then," ordered Cameron impatiently.

Obediently the Arab wheeled his horse to the left, away from the route which they had chosen and which was the same taken by the thieving caravan whose camel tracks had momentarily halted their journey.

As Cameron followed his guide he occasionally threw a glance over to the right, where one might reasonably expect to glimpse some trace of the caravan which had passed only ten minutes before. He was hoping that they would elude the thieving Arabs who had plundered their provisions and tried to steal their horses. A quick battle with automatic revolvers and a repeating rifle had put the Arabs to flight. But they hovered near. One day's uninterrupted journey would bring him to the expedition camp on the site of ancient Gib. Urgent business had prevented his joining the party at the appointed place; consequently he had to make this lonely trip across northern Tripoli with the uncertain loyalty of an Arab dragoman as his sole dependence.

Cameron decided to be on the lookout for treachery from his dragoman.

"What is that?" he asked suddenly. Abdi inclined his ear respectfully. A faint yapping sound broke the stillness.

"Jackals," declared Abdi, shrugging his shoulders.

Cameron knew that the Arab had seen and felt that his suspicions were confirmed. Therefore he said nothing.

He drank some strong coffee of his own preparation and ate a few tinned biscuits from his own saddlebags. He decided not to sleep that night. In an unguarded moment Abdi might murder him with a shot from the silver mounted rifle he carried slung over his burnoose.

Cameron propped his saddle against a sand hillock and, sitting down, leaned his head against the leather bags. His cartridge belt was buckled outside his coat and in either hand he held an automatic revolver.

The three horses, Abdi's, his own and the pack horse, which carried his luggage, were grouped near at hand.

Once again there came the distant cry—of the jackals? Cameron believed otherwise. Abdi turned his head away and listened.

"It is a signal cry," thought Cameron, who knew something of the wireless telegraphy of the desert tribes.

"I wonder if it relates to my affairs, or are they on the trail of Italian scouts? Very likely they are on the scent of other game—something bigger than I can offer with my meager equipment and silver watch."

After awhile he arose and stretched himself, offering a splendid target for Abdi's rifle, but the tall Arab did not even turn his head. He was staring out into the fathomless gloom of the desert as if his falcon eyes would pierce its mysteries.

Cameron remained standing. He felt a vague uneasiness creeping over him. He thought he heard footsteps padding to and fro in the soft sand among the hillocks. There seemed to be a burden of whispering in the still air, but whenever he grew rigid and tense with listening there was nothing save the murmuring breeze troublng the grains of sand.

The horses stirred restlessly and one of them whinnied. Cameron caught the beginning of an answering whinny—it was never ended. Something stilled it into silence.

"What was that, Abdi?" asked Cameron sharply.

The Arab turned. "That, effendi? Thy servant sneezed."

"A grim smile curved Cameron's lips."

"Traitor," he muttered to himself as he listened.

After that a great silence fell upon the desert. The wind ceased blowing; the horses dropped their heads and were quiet. Abdi stood dark statue-like, a gigantic shadow on the sand.

Cameron's eyes flickered with the watching and with a longing for sleep to come to his burning eyelids.

Suddenly a tiny spark appeared at the top of a nearby hillock. It disappeared.

Instantly Abdi struck a fusee and lighted a cigarette. As this lean dark face was exposed in the glow of the brief light, Cameron saw a look of eagerness spread over the grim features of his dragoman.

"A signal," decided Cameron, wondering whether it would not be wiser to bowl the traitor over with one shot now and if there was to be a battle let it begin at once and have it over with.

There would be small chance of his escaping alive if the enemy should surround him as they would be likely to do. Even now they might be crouching behind the very sand dunes against which he was leaning.

Almost anything was better than the strain of waiting for something to happen. He would give them ten minutes more and then... He glanced at his watch and saw that it was two hours after midnight.

He was impatient at the idea of having his arrival at Gib delayed by an other day and he could not understand Abdi's stupidity in prolonging the journey except in the light of having betrayed his master to the bandits.

Abdi smoked his cigarette peacefully and finally flung the burning end to the ground. Cameron watched for some answering signal but saw nothing.

"Perhaps it is the signal to attack now," he muttered and at that instant Abdi turned swiftly and yelled at him "Baalek!" (Lookout) was his cry, and it was flung as a warning to Cameron.

Cameron dropped into the shadow of the hillock and awaited with quickened pulses the swift padding of feet among the sand dunes. He saw Abdi throw himself into a similar attitude and he was ashamed that he had mistrusted the loyal fellow even as he thrilled with the realization that he was not fighting alone—there were two of them.

Abdi had the point of vantage; he could see what was coming. Cameron watched his dark form.

Suddenly Abdi sprang to his full height and screamed fanatically: "La illah Allah, Mohammed Rasouli! Allah!"

There came a sharp shot out of the silence that followed his challenging cry, and the Arab tumbled back, clutching his arm.

"Come on out of that, you jackals!" sang out a strong English speaking voice from the direction of the shot that had wounded Abdi.

Cameron's breath nearly left his body.

"Hi, there! Who are you?" he called out.

"The devil!" was the astonishing explosive retort. "Come on, Appleby; let's investigate this civilized individual." And footsteps came nearer, nearer, and finally rounded the hillock against which the groaning Abdi leaned, and two men dressed in European garments and wearing white pith helmets appeared.

They stopped at sight of the group of three horses, the wounded Arab and the solitary form of the American in garb similar to their own.

"Appleby, who is your fool friend?" asked Cameron coolly as he approached them.

"Ford Cameron!" ejaculated Appleby, staring with all his might. "Have we been stalking you all the evening?"

"You have," returned Cameron grimly. "We wonder you didn't get potted. What did you think we were eh?"

"Bandits. We heard you were coming. How? Desert wireless, of course. Thought we'd come out and meet you. Started yesterday and got lost. Last night the pesky robbers harried us all over the desert. Thought we were in for another night of it, only we changed about and hunted the hunters. Funny, isn't it?"

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REPUBLICANS' EXTRAVAGANCE

Government Cost More Than Doubled Under Roosevelt:

DEMOCRATS' GREAT RECORD.

Startling Figures Which Show That the Cost of Our National Existence and the High Cost of Living Must Be Reduced.

Multitudes of People
take SCOTT'S EMULSION regularly to repair wasted vitality and enrich the blood to withstand winter colds and exposure.

It contains the highest grade of cod liver oil, medically perfected; it is a cream-like food-medicine, scrupulously pure and healthful without drug or stimulant. Endorsed and advocated by medical authorities everywhere.

SCOTT'S EMULSION drives out colds—nourishes the membranes of the throat and lungs and keeps them healthy.

Nothing equals SCOTT'S EMULSION for lung and bronchial weakness—sore, tight chests and all pulmonary troubles.

Equally good for infants, children or adults, but you must have SCOTT'S.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-56

JEFFERSON'S BONES.

He Prized Them Highly Until Dr. Wistar Saw Them.

It is said that when Thomas Jefferson journeyed from Monticello to Philadelphia on his way to take the oath of office as vice president he carried a lot of bones in his baggage. The bones, alleged to be those of a mammoth had been found in Greenbrier county Va., and sent to Monticello, where they were set up by Jefferson, who, it appears, entertained a somewhat exaggerated notion of his attainments in natural history and who stood sponsor for the bones as those of "a carnivorous clawed animal entirely unknown to science."

It was not until after Jefferson reached Philadelphia that he was on deceived, for at a glance the learned Dr. Wistar saw that they were the bones of the common sloth, several specimens of which he showed the Virginian Jefferson, it is related, was greatly chagrined, especially as his discovery became known as Megalonyx jeffersonii.

It has been pointed out that indirectly no less a naturalist than the great Buffon may have been responsible for Jefferson's error. It was the Virginian's practice to send Buffon specimens and information, and with the subtle flattery of a courtier the French naturalist wrote:

"I should have consulted you, sir before publishing my natural history, and then I should have been sure of the facts"—New York Sun.

The Foster Mother.

There is a story told about a hen which was intrusted with a sitting of duck eggs to hatch. When the young brood went down to the water she was frantic with anxiety, but the second year, when her next brood of ducklings went to swim, she was scarcely troubled at all, and the third year she would fly to a stone in the middle of the pond and from her coils of vantage watch the ducklings swim round her with evident pride. The fourth year she was allowed to hatch her own eggs, and when she discovered that the infant chicks had no intention of taking to the water she flew to the stone in the middle of the pond and clucked frantically to them to swim out to her.

DOUBT DISAPPEARS

No One in Bedford Who Has a Bad Back Should Ignore This Double Proof.

"Does your back ever ache?" have you suspected your kidney's backache is sometimes kidney-ache. With it may come dizzy spells, sleepless nights, tired, dull days, distressing urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills have been endorsed by thousands.

Are recommended here at home. Here's proof.

Mrs. T. Miller, Railroad St., Huntingdon, Pa., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in our family with the best of results and I have no hesitation whatever in confirming all I said in their praise when I publicly recommended them in October 1907. In one case which I have in mind, Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief from a bad attack of kidney trouble and there has been no serious recurrence of the complaint. We have often advised other kidney sufferers to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial and are always glad to do so."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. Sept. 27-28.

Way of War.

It is not the way of courage but the way of war to attack just those who cannot escape.

Daily Thought.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson.

I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulates relieved and strengthened the bowels so that they have been regular ever since."—E. Davis, Grocer, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

"The choice which the voters have to make is simply this: Shall they have a government free to serve them, free to serve ALL of them, or shall they continue to have a government which dispenses SPECIAL favors and which is always controlled by those to whom the SPECIAL favors are dispensed?"

WOODROW WILSON.



"THEY Are Good Enough For Me."

(With Acknowledgments to Davenport)

—From the New York World, Sept. 15, 1912.

Why Women Are Not RICH.

Man is a millionaire many times over in the possession of blood cells. Woman is not quite so rich, for scientists have proven that the normal man has five million—the woman only four and a half million to a cubic millimetre of blood.

A decrease in number of red blood corpuscles and a person "looks pale"—in fact, is anaemic, the blood does not get the right food and probably the stomach is disordered.

Dr. R. V. Pierce found years ago that a glycerine extract of golden seal and Oregon grape roots, queen's root and bloodroot with black cherry bark, would help the assimilation of the food in the stomach, correct liver ills and in Nature's own way increase the red blood corpuscles. This medicine he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. By assimilating the food eaten the system is nourished and the blood takes on a rich red color. Nervousness is only "the cry of the starved nerves for food," and when the nerves are fed on rich red blood the person loses those irritable feelings, sleeps well at night and is refreshed in the morning.

"I was attacked with a severe nervous disease, which was caused by a disordered stomach and liver," writes Mr. Jas. D. Lively, of Washburn, Tenn. Route 2, Box 33. "All my friends thought I would die and the best physicians gave me up. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and derived much benefit from same. My condition rapidly improved so rapidly that nothing could offer a permanent cure, so Dr. Pierce's medicine has done much for me and I highly recommend it. I heartily advise its use as a spring tonic, and further advise ailing people to take Dr. Pierce's medicines before their diseases have run so long that there is no chance to be cured."

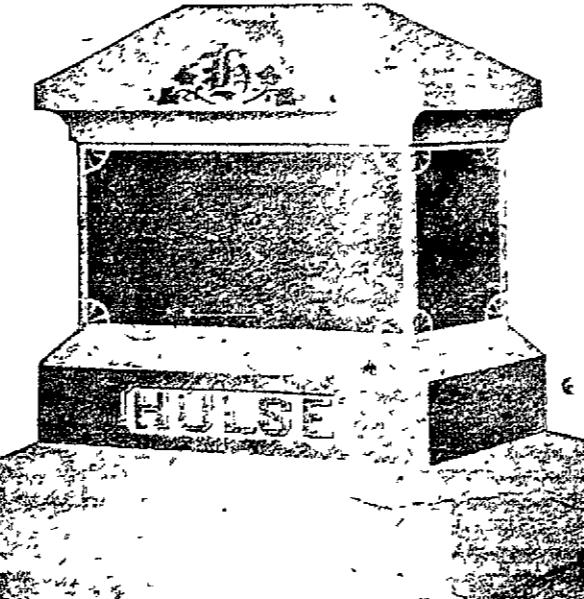
Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 31 stamps, to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

Diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT carefully treated.

Special attention given to Testing the Eyes and the Fitting of Glasses.

Office Hours Daily except Sunday. Both Phones.
A. C. WOLF, M. D.
BEDFORD, PA.

Rush Marble and Granite Works OF BEDFORD, PA.



Design and manufacture artistic memorials of every description in marble and granite.

We aim to please both in workmanship and material as well as reasonable prices.

We have no agents, therefore no agents' commissions to pay, which is a saving to our patrons.

Call to see our stock and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Our work is carefully leaded, placed on guaranteed cement foundations by experts, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Where to Go.
First Cadet—"Have you asked the superintendent to reinstate you?" Second Cadet, under charges—"Who me? Not on your life! The only man I'll ask is our member of Congress."

Why Question It?
"A woman is only as old as she says she is," remarks the Washington Post. And, God bless her! we take her at her word.—Atlanta Journal.

Democrats in every state of the Union should organize and prepare for polling a record breaking vote Nov. 5. Be it remembered that no matter how certain victory seems, overconfidence is always dangerous.

When we consider we are bound to be serviceable to mankind, and bear with their faults, we shall perceive there is a common tie of nature and relation between us.—Marcus Aurelius.

Bear With Others' Faults.

When we consider we are bound to be serviceable to mankind, and bear with their faults, we shall perceive there is a common tie of nature and relation between us.—Marcus Aurelius.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lungs.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 6, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark vi, 45-56. Memory Verses, 49, 50—Golden Text, Matt. xiv, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns,

		NORTH STATIONS.	SOUTH STATIONS.
p. m.	a. m.	Lv.	Ar. a. m. p. m.
4.43	9.03	Bedford	9.37 7.37
5.00	9.20	Mt. Dallas	9.20 7.20
5.03	9.23	Everett	9.14 7.16
5.10	9.30	Tatesville	9.05 7.07
5.20	9.39	Cypher	8.56 6.57
5.30	9.49	Hopewell	8.47 6.48
5.35	9.54	Ridgensburg	8.42 6.44
5.48	10.07	A. Saxton L.	8.29 6.32

4.30 7.30 L. Dudley A. 9.20 7.05

4.45 7.45 Coalmont 9.00 6.50

5.00 8.00 A. Saxton L. 8.35 6.35

5.48 10.07 L. Saxton A. 8.29 6.32

5.58 10.17 Cove 8.18 6.20

6.03 10.22 Hummel 8.14 6.16

6.11 10.29 Entriken 8.09 6.11

6.18 10.37 Marklesburg 8.01 6.00

6.22 10.41 Brumbaugh 7.56 5.56

6.27 10.46 Gratzon 7.52 5.52

6.31 10.59 McConnell'st 7.48 5.48

6.40 11.00 Huntingdon 7.40 5.40

Bedford Special

Leaves Bedford at 1:50 p. m., arriving Huntingdon 3:45 p. m. Huntingdon Special leaves Huntingdon at 2 p. m., arriving Bedford at 3:57 p. m.

PENNA. AND B. & H. R. R.

Daily (Sunday included)

p. m. a. m. a. m. p. m.

3.00 7.35 Cumberland 11.25 7.20

3.30 8.05 Hyndman 10.35 7.38

4.23 8.57 Bedford 9.47 5.50

6.10 10.45 A. Altoona L. 8.00 4.00

6.10 10.45 A. Altoona L. 8.00 4

MAKE A START THIS VERY DAY

on the financial independence which is the right of every American man or woman. Either take to this popular bank, or send by mail your first deposit, and enter the company of thrifty persons who are the backbone of the nation. If you already have an account, see if there is a dollar in your pocket which would do you more good in the bank, than if spent foolishly, and deposit it promptly.

Call or write for booklet "Banking by Mail."

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

1862 4th Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ASSETS OVER \$17,000,000.00.

THIRD TERMER'S JOKE ON LABOR**Brandels Shows Right to Organize Is Not Recognized****THE PLATFORM IS SILENT.**

Noted Lawyer Exposes the Flimsiness of Promises Made to Workingmen by Perkins and His Candidate, Who Stands For Private Monopoly.

"The new party pledges itself to social and industrial justice and specifically to work unceasingly for effective legislation looking to the prevention of occupational diseases, overwork, involuntary unemployment and other injurious effects incident to modern industry, * * * but nowhere in that long and comprehensive platform can there be found one word approving the fundamental right of labor to organize or even recognizing this right without which all other grants and concessions for improvement of the condition of the working man are futile. The platform promises social and industrial justice, but does not promise industrial democracy. The justice which it offers is that which the benevolent and wise corporation is prone to administer through its welfare department. There is no promise of that justice which free American workingmen are striving to secure for themselves through organization. Indeed, the industrial policy advocated by the new party would result in the denial of labor's right to organize."

"The new party stands for the perpetuation and extension of private monopoly in industry—that private monopoly from which the few have ever profited at the expense of the many and for the dethronement of which the people have, in the past, fought so many valiant battles. That cursed product of despotism, the new party, proposes to domesticate in our republic, proclaiming, 'We do not fear commercial power.' Certainly organized labor has had experience with the great trusts which should teach all men that commercial power may be so great that it is the part of wisdom to fear it."

The above declaration was made by Louis D. Brandeis before the convention of the American Federation of Labor, Massachusetts state branch, at Fitchburg, Sept. 18.

Of Supreme Importance.

He urges a careful study of the new party platform, particularly its effect upon labor, noting not only WHAT IT CONTAINS, but WHAT IT OMITS, adding, "When you make that examination you will find that there is a significant omission and that this skillfully devised platform TAKES FROM LABOR MORE THAN IT GIVES."

Labor Record of Trusts.

Mr. Brandeis then lays bare the labor record of the trusts, declaring that "great trusts—the steel trust, the sugar trust, the beef trust, the tobacco trust, the smelter trust and a whole troop of lesser trusts—have made the extermination of organized labor from their factories the very foundation stone of their labor policy. The ability to defeat labor's right to combine seems to have been regarded by the trust magnates as a proper test of the efficiency of their capitalistic combination."

Mr. Brandeis shows that in 1893, during the Colorado smelters' strike, the American Smelting and Refining company closed its mills where the strikers had been employed and transferred the work to other mills, thus breaking the strike. The United States Steel corporation had similar success in 1901 with the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. Had the association been dealing with competing employers the result would have been different. The United States Steel trust was prompt in introducing this plan June 17, 1901, six weeks after it began its operation, its executive committee passed this vote which was offered by Charles Steele, a partner of George W. Perkins in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

"That we are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor and advise subsidiary companies to take firm position when these questions come up and say that they are not going to recognize it—that is, any extension of union in mills where they do not now exist."

Union Men Not Wanted.

The result was that the bulk of American union laboring men in the iron and steel industry were made to understand that they were not wanted at the works of the United States Steel corporation. Places once filled by American laborers loyal to their union were given to others, and, as the Stanley committee found, "Hordes of laborers from southern Europe poured into the United States." Hence about 80 per cent of the unskilled laborers in the iron and steel business are foreigners of these classes the profits going to the steel corporation. Mr. Brandeis declared that "the immediate and continuing result of the steel trust's triumph over organized labor has been an extensive system of espionage and repression."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

J. G. Criswell, a painter living at 540 North Mulberry St., Hagerstown, Md., states: "I had a nag trouble with a severe pain across my back, and could hardly get up after sitting down. I took Foley Kidney Pills and soon found the pain left my back, I could get up and down with ease, and the bladder action was more regular and normal." Try them. Ed. D. Heckerman.

Coughs and Colds

You could not please us better than to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis. Thousands of families always keep it in the house. The approval of their physician and the experience of many years have given them great confidence in this standard cough medicine. Sold for seventy years.

Any good doctor will tell you that a medicine like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot do its best work if the bowels are constipated. Ask your doctor if he knows anything better than Ayer's Pill for correcting this sluggishness of the liver.

Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

SOURCE OF SHELLAC.

East India Insects and Trees That Produce the Substance.

India is the home of the Coccus lacca, the insects that produce the resinous substance known as shellac. The females puncture the twigs of several different kinds of trees, among them the bo the bhar and the butea, and the twigs become incrusted with a hard, nearly transparent, reddish, resinous substance that serves the double purpose of protecting the eggs and finally furnishing food for the young insects.

The incrusted twigs are broken from the trees before the young insects escape and are thoroughly dried in the sun. These dried twigs are called "stick-lac," and from them shellac and a dye analogous to cochineal are prepared. "Seed lac" is the resinous concretion separated from the twigs, coarsely pounded and triturated with water in a mortar, by which nearly all of the coloring matter is removed.

To prepare shellac the seed-lac is put into oblong cotton cloth bags and warmed over a charcoal fire. When the resin begins to melt the bags are twisted, and the pure clear resin is allowed to flow over big wood planks or the smooth stems of the banyan tree and cool in the thin plates or shells which constitute shellac.

Pure shellac is very valuable. It is much harder than colophony and is easily soluble in alcohol.

They Have an Arbor.

A member of the London county council was regretting the lack of art sense displayed by his fellows when they placed an open space at the disposal of the people. He pleaded eloquently for fountains, goldfish in ornamental basins, lions and unicorns in stucco and emerald green garden seats.

"Why," said he, in a splendid peroration, "we want something homely and countrylike—a little arbor here and there. If a foreigner came to this country and asked to see one we've never an arbor worth showing to show him."

Then up and spoke another member, who, prior to attaining the height of his civic ambitions, had been a petty officer in the navy.

"Oh, we 'aven't, 'aven't we? And what about Portsmouth 'arbor'?"—London Strand

A MIGHTY REMEDY

Cures Backache, Sideache, and all Kidney, Liver and Bladder Diseases, or Money Back.

Yes, money back; that's the offer that Ed. D. Heckerman, the agent in Bedford, makes if Thompson's Barosma fails to cure any of the above named diseases.

And when you stop to think, that's a wonderfully generous offer from the viewpoint of the afflicted, the sick and the suffering.

So if you are ill, have the blues, have lost ambition, have backache or pains in your side, if your urine is high colored, and your eyes dull and complexion sallow, the chances are that your kidneys are weak and clogged up, and that your blood is full of impurities.

So why wait when Thompson's Barosma is guaranteed to restore your health. Get a bottle today at Ed. D. Heckerman's. There are two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00.

Five years ago Charles Schultz of Dunkirk, N. Y., was so weak and run down that he decided to give up his business. He took Barosma, and in a few months he regained his health and gained 55 pounds in weight. Today he writes, "I have been in perfect health ever since I wrote you five years ago." All druggists.

Since the Telephone.

In 1876, the year in which Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, there were no skyscrapers, no trolley cars, no electric lights, no gasoline engines, no self-binders, no bicycles nor motor cars.—Magazine of American History.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

J. G. Criswell, a painter living at 540 North Mulberry St., Hagerstown, Md., states: "I had a nag trouble with a severe pain across my back, and could hardly get up after sitting down. I took Foley Kidney Pills and soon found the pain left my back, I could get up and down with ease, and the bladder action was more regular and normal." Try them. Ed. D. Heckerman.

THE RUNAWAY

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

A handsomely dressed woman carrying a suit case emerged from a large country place, and just as she reached the gate a man came hurrying along the road. The suit case was heavy, and she evidently had trouble to get along with it.

"May I carry your baggage?" asked the gentleman.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but if I don't permit you I fear I shall miss my train."

"I, too, am going to the station."

With a suit case in each hand, he walked along with the lady. "I should suppose," he said, "that your butler would be doing this work."

The lady did not reply for some moments; then she said: "I am going to give you my confidence. My father is trying to force me into a marriage I detest. I am running away to get rid of it."

"Do you not fear that he will stop you on the way by telegraph?"

"Will he? Oh, heavens! What shall I do?"

The gentleman stood still. He was thinking. "I have it," he said at last. "Come up to my house and disguise yourself."

She suffered herself to be persuaded, and when they arrived at the house he suggested that she put on man's clothing.

She demurred at first, but finally consented. He gave her a man's suit, which she put on, and when she reappeared he was dressed as a woman.

"Why have you done that?" she asked, surprised.

"Because we passed several persons on the road just now who saw us, and you may be tracked as having been seen with me. They will speak of us as a blond lady with a brunette man. We are now the reverse."

"You are very clever," she said. "I don't see any one about. Is the house unoccupied?"

"I live in the city at this season. My family are there."

They were obliged to wait an hour for another train, and by the time they started for it dusk had come on, and they had no fear of being recognized. The gentleman, as before, carried the baggage. They waited near the station till they heard the puffing of the engine and did not go on to the platform until the train was ready to proceed. Fortunately, they got into a car where there were few other persons.

"Now, if your father telegraphs," said the man, "to the different terminals to have you stopped there will be detectives at this one. When you leave the cars do not look conscious. I assure you that you make a very good man, though you might affect to be any against the estate, and to distribute the balance in the hands of the administratrix and trustee to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, will sit at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford,

on Tuesday, the 15th day of October, 1912, at ten o'clock a.m., when all persons having claims against the said estate may appear, present and prove them or otherwise be forever debarred."

THOMAS H. CROYLE, Pavia, Pa.

CHARLES R. CROYLE, Lyndell, Pa.

B. F. MADORE, Executors. Attorney. Sept. 6-6 w.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, Pa., to pass upon the exceptions to the account of Levi C. Smith and Jacob C. Smith, administrators of John B. Smith, late of West Providence Township, said county, deceased, and to make distribution of the balance in their hands to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will sit for the purposes of his appointment at the Court House, in Bedford, Pa., on Monday, October 14, 1912, at ten o'clock a.m., when and where all parties desiring to be heard shall attend and present their claims, or be debarred from participating in the funds.

FRANK E. COLVIN, A. L. LITTLE, Esq., Auditor. Attorney. Sept. 20-3t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

[Estate of John F. Knisely, late of Kinnel Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.] Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

MARY ETTIE KNISELY, Administratrix, Clayshurg, Pa., R. F. D. FRANK E. COLVIN, Attorney. Bedford, Pa. Aug. 30-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

[In the Assigned Estate of Charles P. James of Rainsburg, Pa.] Notice is hereby given that Charles P. James has made an assignment of all his property to the undersigned, to be held in trust for the benefit of the former's creditors. All persons indebted to the said Charles P. James are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them without delay to

WILLIAM E. SHOEMAKER, Assignee, Bedford, Pa.

D C REILEY, GEORGE POINTS, Attorneys. Sept. 13-6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

[Estate of Thomas J. Croyle, late of Bloomfield Township, Bedford County, Pa., deceased.] Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

THOMAS H. CROYLE, Pavia, Pa. CHARLES R. CROYLE, Lyndell, Pa. B. F. MADORE, Executors. Attorney. Sept. 6-6 w.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of Henry Geibel, late of West St. Clair Township, deceased.] The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to determine the amount of the widow's dower, to ascertain the debts due the estate from the heirs, to pass upon all claims if there be any against the estate, and to distribute the balance in the hands of the administratrix and trustee to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, will sit at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford,

on Tuesday, the 15th day of October, 1912, at ten o'clock a.m., when all persons having claims against the said estate may appear, present and prove them or otherwise be forever debarred.

ALVIN L. LITTLE, FRANK E. COLVIN, Esq., Auditor. Attorney. Sept. 20-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of Thomas B. Wisegarver, late of Schellsburg Borough, deceased.] In the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to state an account for Alvin L. Little, Esq., administrator of the estate of Thomas B. Wisegarver, late of Schellsburg Borough, Bedford County, Penna., deceased, to pass upon all disputed claims against said estate and to make distribution of all funds in the said administrator's hands to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford,

on Saturday, the 5th day of October, 1912, at ten o'clock a.m. of said day, when and where all persons having claims against said estate may appear and present and prove said claims or otherwise be forever debarred from participating in said fund.

E. M. PENNELL, Attest. ALVIN L. LITTLE, Esq., Administrator and Attorney. Sept. 13-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

[Estate of Thomas B. Wisegarver, late of Schellsburg Borough, deceased.]

In the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bedford County to state an account for Alvin L. Little, Esq., administrator of the estate of Thomas B. Wisegarver, late of Schellsburg Borough, Bedford County, Penna., deceased, to pass upon all disputed claims against said estate and to make distribution of all funds in the said administrator's hands to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit at the Court House, in the Borough of Bedford,

on Saturday, the 5th day of October, 1912, at ten o'clock a.m. of said day, when and where all persons having claims against said estate may appear and present and prove said claims or otherwise be forever debarred from participating in said fund.

E. M. PENNELL, Attest.

ALVIN L. LITTLE, Esq., Administrator and Attorney. Sept. 13-4t.

J. REED IRVINE**JUSTICE OF THE PEACE**

Life, Fire, Accident and Health Insurance

Why not get the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company's proposition at your age? We have no fear of comparison. It's the Policy Holder's Company."

Bedford Planing Mill Co.

<

How Much Would You Take For Your Eyes?

The biggest fortune in the world wouldn't buy them would it? Yet many people use their eyes in such a way that they are destroying them for nothing. It's thoughtlessness that does it but that's no excuse. Proper Glasses are easy to get. I am a graduate of two Optical Colleges, have had a long experience in fitting Glasses and it's at your disposal.

Examinations Free and every pair of Glasses Guaranteed.

J. FLOYD MURDOCK

Quality Jewelry.

Fine Repairing.

HECKERMAN LETTER

Dad Starts on Southern Trip—Gives Opinion on Auto Speeding.

Pont Royal, Pa., October 1, 1912.
In working I have often thought at all, and now put the question to all the traveling men, and say: "Honesty, would you employ yourself?" Say, boys, did you ever put that question to your own self and did you ever answer it without evasion in any manner? If you think you've a right to kick old boy, the deal is not exactly square. Then kick and think, would you employ yourself? I should like very much for your readers to answer the above question, for business righteously is simply a form of common sense.

I am here visiting and not working. I am visiting a man whom I'll bet holds more offices than any one man in Bedford County, and he is not an old man, though a few gray hairs are to be seen in his head. Here are a few of the many positions he holds: He is an elder in the Lutheran Church, is Master Mason in his lodge, a county officer, a notary public, a member of the city or town council, president of the gun club, secretary of the school board and last but not least, head of his own household, which is not, however, very large. He looks after many of the household duties thus assisting his wife, who must devote considerable time to the care of the children, and again this man makes pills and love powders for a living and occasionally joins his wife in a half-day's fishing.

Here they have no speed law about autos. Now, I think that our next Legislature should by all means enact some law that would govern the using of autos. I think it is the opinion of many motorists, as well as state and municipal officials, that every effort should be made to secure greater uniformity in automobile regulations, especially as concerns the speed limits in Schellsburg, where there seems to be unusual danger of injuring the many children who use the main street on which to play shinney as well as other games. Then we need laws to govern the speed limits, to govern motorists in passing from one state to another. Why, they fly through the streets of this beautiful town so fast as to make some of the good housewives nervous. Were such laws or regulations in vogue the fathers in many towns would lose their positions of standing on the street corner with the stop watch in his left hand and the red flag in his right in order to derive a source of revenue. I think that, as a rule, motorists in entering small towns like this and Schellsburg should drive cautiously, always respecting the rights of persons on the streets and other users of the road, carefully observing the local traffic rules. Me thinks the touring club of America has for several years advocated some such uniformity in the rules of all the states which will govern the operations of motor vehicles of all kinds.

Question: Who will heat the bricks in Schellsburg next winter and tote them out to the constable whose duty it may be to brave the storm that may blow from the crest of the grand old Allegheny, thereby keeping his trilby warm whilst he stands on the corner watching and leave a child get hurt? My how I would like to have John Colvin's, Peter Dawalt or Peter Ewald's ideas on this topic. Yes and you might add my old friend Kemerer, who made four half Spanish segars for a cent.

I heard when in ye dear old town last that my say so' about license in Bedford had been read by a few, some condemning me for writing it.

Altoona, Pa., August 24, 1912.
Mr. J. Roy Cessna,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
Bedford, Pa.

Dear Sir:
Please accept thanks for your very prompt settlement of my claim for one week's indemnity. Check for Twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars very much appreciated.

Assuring you that I shall do all I can to help others see the importance of Health Insurance and especially with the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, which I consider the very best, and which you represent, I am.

Cordially yours,
(Signed) H. M. SPENGLER.

METZGERS THE BIG STOVE, RANGE, AND FURNITURE STORE

These crisp nights remind us of the fact that the old Cook Stove, Range or Heater will have to be replaced by a new one. Why not buy the best? We have them, come in, have a look and be convinced.

The famous Moore's Double Heater, no dust or dirt to contend with, strong in construction and handsome in appearance. More than fifty different stoves to select from.

Special prices to early buyers.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Etc.,

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

Fresh Fish at Ben Smith's on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

For Rent—Three office rooms on second floor in Ridener Block, J. W. Ridener, Bedford. Jan. 5-12.

For Sale—Thoroughbred Scotch Collie puppies. Fanny A. Heckerman, Box 244, Bedford, Pa., Sept 6th.

Wanted—2,000 telegraph poles from 35 to 65 feet in length. A. B. Egolf, Bedford.

For Sale—Locust Posts and Wire Fence; Gasoline Engines, \$5.00 and up. W. F. Cromwell, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale or Rent—The John P. Reed property on Juliana Street, 60 feet front and 240 feet deep. For particulars apply to Paul Reed. Aug. 30-12.

Sulpho-Muro is a perfect and sure cure for colic in horses. Get it at Heckerman's or have it mailed from Ed. D. Heckerman, the druggist.

Wanted—Man with experience as huckster. Steady job; good wages. Team not necessary. Apply Gazette Office, Bedford. 4 Oct. 2.

We have put in stock and will continue to carry a complete line of photographic supplies, films, plates, etc. Ed. D. Heckerman, the Druggist.

For Sale—Lehigh Portland Cement, Blatchford's Calf Meal, Pratt's Poultry and Stock Powders. Davidson Brothers, Bedford.

For Sale Cheap—Several pairs of Poland China and Chester White pigs; also mare, weighing 1,300 pounds, single-line leader. H. A. Feather, Bedford, R. 4.

For Sale—The store of C. P. James in Rainsburg, Pa. Good location. Price reasonable. W. E. Shoemaker, Assignee, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Limestone farm, 142 acres, nearly all tillable; well watered; good buildings; two miles from railroad station. A bargain if taken quickly. G. B. May, Everett, Pa.

For Sale—Stock of General Merchandise, with or without building. Call or address John P. Cuppett, Mann's Choice, Pa., or 106 Juliana Street, Bedford.

Wanted—An agent to represent the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. in and around Bedford. Big money to the right party. Apply to the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 122 N. Centre Street, Cumberland, Md. Sept. 20-31.

The best thing in the world for lice in cods, on animals or poultry, and fleas on dogs is Sanaz Dip and is sold at Heckerman's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa.

Walter Arnold offers for sale his Bay Driving Mare, sound and thoroughly broken to cars and automobiles; also one Rubber-Tire Runabout, Harness Sleigh and Brake Cart. Reason for selling, going out of town.

Wanted—Men at Cambria Steel Co., Johnstown, Pa. Minimum wages 15 cents per hour. Good opportunities for advancement and steady work. Apply to Cambria Steel Co., Labor Bureau near P. R. R. Passenger Station. 4 Oct. 3.

COAL
Before placing your orders for Big Vein, Georges Creek Coal, in carloads, write me for prices. Big Vein, Simon and Marshall supporters, and at the same time its presentation of the news is absolutely square and fair. Its corking cartoons and attractive pictures are also important features.

JOHN R. WARFIELD,
Box 226, Cumberland, Md.

Sept. 6-21.

For Sale—M. P. Heckerman offers at private sale on the most reasonable terms, his elegant home, corner of East John and Bedford Streets. This home has fourteen rooms, heated by hot water and lighted by electricity. Also the house and lot where Albert Hughes lives in west end of town, and also a number of lots adjacent to this house, now occupied by Albert Hughes. Address Box F, Bedford, for particulars. Jan. 5-12.

The Best Dry Battery on Earth for gasoline engines, automobiles and gas lighting machines at Heckerman's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa.

Wanted—A married couple to go to Wheeling, W. Va. Woman must be good plain cook. Man capable of taking care of garden and lawn. Both must be honest and reliable. Good home and good wages. For particulars call Bell phone number 1233 and county phone 10W.

Wanted—District Manager for one of the largest Life Insurance Companies for Altoona and Blair, Huntingdon and Bedford Counties. An unusually good opening for a live-wire man of intelligence and integrity. Previous experience not a necessity, though an asset. Address Gazette, Bedford. 4 Oct. 2.

SALE REGISTER
All persons having sale bills printed at this office get a free notice in the sale register. This is worth several times the price of the bills.

At 1:30 p.m. on Saturday, October 12, Richard C. Hall will sell the following stock and farm implements on his farm, one mile south of Bedford: Fourteen hogs ready to kill; 14 sheats, 4 brood sows, Berkshire hogs; 4 bay mares, bay horse, 5-month-old Percheron horse colt, 2-horse wagon, binder, mower, runabout and buggy.

LEGAL NOTICE
For evidence that will lead to the conviction of the party or parties who robbed our tanyard garden, we will pay \$20. STECKMANS.

Dressmaking
Experienced dressmakers, Coat Suits a specialty; goods ordered from sample if desired. Knight Sisters, South Juliana Street.

If you have nice apples to sell, any quantity, write, phone or see Corle H. Smith, Bedford.

Barnett's Store

THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

¶ We call your attention this week to our enormous stock of Underwear.

¶ We have everything that a person could possibly need in that line.

No Buttons
No Facings—
Just Tie the Tape



Naline
REG'D PAT OFF
Nobutton Vests and Union Suits

Cannot gape in front because there are no buttons. The dainty little ribbon tape draws the sides together snug and secure. Fit perfectly—not a crease anywhere, and feel soft as silk because knit from softest, long-fibre cotton. Neck opening is plenty large—fabric very elastic. The union suits are elastic lengthwise and double-thick across the chest.

Nobutton Vests and Pants, 25c and 50c each. Union Suits, 50c and \$1. We also have them in Misses' and Children's sizes.

We are especially strong in
25c and 50c
Garments.

LOOKING BACKWARD



¶ There are many friends whose pictured faces would give us the truest pleasure as we look back over the years, if we only possessed them.

¶ Bring your friends to D. C. MOLL, for a perfect likeness, and one that will please.

¶ My special price on Post Cards 50c per dozen.

¶ All Photographs at half price during Fair Week.

¶ Picture Frames and Mats made to order at lowest prices.

¶ A 16x20 Picture and Frame complete for 48c.

Juliana St., BEDFORD, PA.

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LEGAL NOTICE

The children of the late Mrs. Catherine Steckman desire to express their appreciation of the sympathy and kindness of neighbors and friends during the recent illness and death of their mother.

You take no chance of your Wedding Ring wearing off if you buy it at Murdock's. Solid Gold through and through. All shapes, all sizes.

Sponge jelly rolls at Coleman's, 10 and 20 cents.

Buy your Films for your Camera at Dull's.

Protect Your Property.

Representatives of the Maryland Lightning Rod Co., 622 W. Lexington Street, Baltimore, are located at the Waverly Hotel and have erected rods on the residences of Dr. C. C. Dibert and Mrs. S. S. Metzger, S. H. Sell, S. A. Cessna, H. B. Cessna, Mrs. Louisa Wertz, and on the Court House and the County Jail, at Bedford; the residence of Henderson Souzer, at Naper; William Ott and Mr. Walter, at Cessna; the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, at King; also on the properties of D. F. Goughnor, F. B. Colebaugh, S. W. Fickes, Rush Shoemaker, George Shoemaker, Mrs. Annie Morehead; Dr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Benjamin Fickes, Millard Fickes and Mrs. Eliza Brumbaugh; I. Z. Bowser of Morrison's Cove; Z. Bender, Fishertown; Daniel and Jacob Findley, Helixville; J. A. Cuppett and Jacob Stultz, New Paris; George W. Bowser and Charles Bowser, Osterburg; E. Claycomb, I. Claycomb and Stewart Claycomb, of Weyant.

All work guaranteed under a bond of insurance for five years, free of charge. Estimates furnished free.

Any person desiring lightning rods or repairing should call at Waverly Hotel.

DANIEL McDougall,
President, or
C. H. GOETZ, Manager.

Advertised Letters

Farkas Sandar, Walter Rice, W. A. Sparks, Mrs. Millard, Mrs. Mary French, Mrs. Fred Clute, Miss Rose Long, Miss Grace Hights; cards.

Cnas. H. Goetz, Master Willie Thomas, Marshall Antek, H. E. Hess, Arthur G. Miller, Walter Morris, Helen McKinney, Mrs. Rebecca Felix, Miss Carrie Fry, Miss E. Harrold, Miss Mae Carpenter, Miss Rosie Blunt, Miss Irene Capp, Stereo George, Foreign.

W. J. Minich, P. M. Bedford, Pa., Oct. 4, 1912.

H. S. Coleman's mince pies are just like the ones "mother used to bake."

A full line of ladies' and children's coats and sweaters is on exhibition at Mrs. Carrie V. Dallard's, Mann's Choice.

Harvest Home and the Bank.

With crops garnered or stored and the surplus waiting for the market, farmers are in possession of the rewards of their summer's work. As the products of the farm are converted into cash, the bank offers a safe and convenient depository for the funds. Money is received subject to check. Interest is paid on time deposits.

HARTLEY BANKING CO.

BEDFORD, PA.

John M. Reynolds
Allen C. Blackburn
Fred A. Metzger
J. Frank Russell
Simon H. Sen

J. Anson Wright, Frank E. Colvin,
Cashier.

What to Use for Spraying
Notwithstanding the educational campaign that has been conducted by the various agencies throughout Pennsylvania, by State Zoologist Surface from his office at Harrisburg, a few persons yet write and ask what material they shall use for spraying, without stating for what pests they wish to spray, what kinds of trees or plants are to be sprayed, and what time of year they wish to do the work. As a consequence, Professor Surface is obliged to reply that the kind of material to use in spraying must depend upon the kind of pest for which the application is to be made, the kind of plant upon which it is to be found, and the time of year when the work is to be done.

In general, the recommendation is to spray when the trees are dormant for San Jose scale and other scale insects, using the boiled lime-sulphur solution. For plant diseases he recommends either extra dilute lime-sulphur solution or Bordeaux mixture, made by using three pounds of blue stone and four pounds of quick lime in fifty gallons of water. You use no one material for all kinds of trees or all kinds of spraying. The Bordeaux mixture is only a fungicide. It is not used for insects. It is the best fungicide to prevent potato blight, and is probably the best for preventing the diseases of leaf and fruit of the grape, but for most other plant diseases we are now using extra dilute lime-sulphur solution in its place.

If you are not receiving our Bulletins discussing such subjects in greater length, you should have them. They are free of charge.

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